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A FRIENDLY MISSION

John Candler's Letters
from America
1853-1854



Indianapolis
INDIANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
1951

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FRIENDLY MISSION

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INTRODUCTION

In 1945 the Indiana Historical Society Library bought a manuscript notebook containing copies of letters written by the English Quaker John Candler to his wife while on an anti-slavery mission to America in 1853 and 1854. The letters were so readable and of such varied interest that the Publications Committee decided to issue them as one of the Society's *Publications* series.

The letters are important not only because they show so well the unstinted effort which the Friends put forth in behalf of abolition, but also because of their comments on society, manners, politics, and other phases of life in the United States in the fifties. Candler and his three colleagues visited twenty-six of the thirty-one states then in existence, interviewed twenty-three of their governors, and had conferences with the President. Their itinerary included a journey across Indiana and a call on Governor Wright. The party traveled by steamboat, canalboat, stagecoach, railroad, and private carriage, and sometimes had to resort to walking to carry out their task. In fact, the picture of travel in the United States in the early 1850's is no small part of the historical value of these letters.

The travelers went from state to state at a time when the introduction of the subject of abolition was a dangerous thing. They passed through the South unscathed when one might have expected them to be asked to leave, or even to be mobbed and lynched. That they were received by the governors of the southern states seems surprising. Moreover, they were received with courtesy and, one might add, with unbelievable patience and tolerance. The governors, most of them at least, listened to their lengthy memorial against slavery passively and discussed the subject with them with some freedom. The sincerity, earnestness, and faith of the four men who undertook this Friendly mission probably account in large measure for their

polite reception and safe passage. Their mission was the culmination of a concern of the London Yearly Meeting to help bring about complete abolition of slavery and the slave trade in the world.

Slave trade had been abolished in the British Empire by act of Parliament in 1807, and provisions for complete emancipation came in 1833. The Quakers had participated actively in the antislavery movement in England, and having accomplished their ends at home continued their efforts in behalf of the slaves in other parts of the world.

In 1849 a special "Meeting for Sufferings" was called in London to take into consideration the continued existence of slavery and the slave trade. At the meeting "Friends were brought to believe that it was laid upon them to represent the wrongs and sorrows of Africa as occasioned by the slave-trade, and the cruelty and oppression of slavery as it exists in North America and the West Indies, not only to the governments of those nations most deeply involved in its guilt; but to call upon the nations of Christendom all the world over to use their influence in putting an end to these abominations."¹ To accomplish this a memorial to the rulers of the nations was to be drawn up and presented to the Yearly Meeting for its approval.

The Meeting for Sufferings also drew up the following memorial to the Queen:

TO VICTORIA, QUEEN OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, AND THE DOMINIONS THEREUNTO BELONGING.

May it please the Queen,—We, the undersigned, thy dutiful and loyal subjects, representing the religious Society of Friends in Great Britain and Ireland, desire respectfully to approach the Throne, and in love to men, and as we reverently believe, in our duty to God, to lay before thee a matter deeply affecting the well-being of a large portion of the great human family.

More than a century has elapsed since our religious Society first

¹ This quotation, and the memorial to the Queen, her reply, and the memorial to the "Sovereigns and those in Authority" throughout the world, given below, are taken from *Memoirs of William Forster*, edited by Benjamin Seebohm (2 volumes. London, 1865), pp. 244, 246-53.

believed it to be a Christian duty to advocate the rights of the natives of Africa, and of those held in slavery in the western world. With reverent thanksgiving to Almighty God, we recur to the successive acts of our Legislature abolishing the slave-trade, and subsequently releasing the slaves in our colonies from a state of cruel bondage.

The continuance of the trade in slaves, as prosecuted—contrary either to law or treaty—by the inhabitants of other countries, with all the wickedness inseparable from this unrighteous traffic, brings us into sorrow and distress. It engenders war in its direst forms, breaks the bonds of social life, reduces those who may survive the horrors of their transit by land and sea to hopeless slavery, and withal prevents the spread of the religion of our Holy Redeemer. We feel for the sufferings of the unoffending and helpless victims of these abominations; and we feel for the wrongs and miseries of the multitudes still living in slavery, and subjected to its cruel hardships and uncompensated toil; and we deeply deplore the degradation and the guilt which attach to the man-stealer, the slaveholder, and the dealer in his fellow man.

In consideration of the magnitude of this complicated iniquity, we are emboldened to ask thee, our gracious Queen, in thy intercourse with the rulers of those nations which are involved in these things, to use the influence of thy exalted station for terminating—by every pacific means—this desolating evil on the continent of Africa, and for conferring immediate and unconditional freedom on all those held in slavery. And we ask permission humbly and plainly to declare our conviction, that it is only in the extinction of Negro slavery that we can have any security for the utter termination of the African slave-trade.

May the Lord of heaven and earth bless thee, our beloved Sovereign, and thy Royal Consort, and may his blessing rest upon all thy house. We pray that, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord, He may give thee wisdom and strength to open thy mouth for the dumb, to plead the cause of the poor and of him that hath no helper; that He may prosper thee in this work of righteousness; and that, if it please Him, thou mayest live to see the day in which Negro slavery and the slave-trade shall be abolished throughout the earth.

To which memorial the Queen replied:

I have received your Address with much satisfaction.

I fully appreciate the benevolent efforts of the Society of Friends on behalf of the suffering and oppressed.

I am deeply sensible of the wrongs and evils inflicted by the slave-trade, and my best endeavours will continue to be directed towards its extinction.

The memorial to the various rulers of Christendom, ordered by the Meeting for Sufferings, was prepared by William Forster and presented to the ensuing London Yearly Meeting and approved.

TO SOVEREIGNS AND THOSE IN AUTHORITY IN THE NATIONS OF EUROPE, AND IN OTHER PARTS OF THE WORLD, WHERE THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION IS PROFESSED.

It having pleased the Lord to bring our fathers to a sense of the cruelty and wickedness of the African slave-trade, and of the injustice of holding their fellow men in slavery, they were strengthened to act upon the conviction wrought on their minds: they set at liberty those they held in bondage, and in their faithfulness they enjoyed the answer of a good conscience towards God. In that love which comes from Him their hearts were enlarged in love to their neighbour, and they could not rest without endeavouring to bring others to that sense of justice and mercy to which the Lord had brought them. From that time to the present day we have felt it to be laid upon us as a church to bear a testimony against the sin of slavery.

We have believed it to be our Christian duty to represent the wrongs inflicted upon the people of Africa, and repeatedly to plead the cause of the slave, in addresses to our own Government. We rejoice and are thankful at the progress which has been made in this country and in other nations, in this cause of righteousness. Hundreds of thousands of slaves have been restored to liberty, and many of the nations of the civilized world are now, to a large extent, delivered from the guilt of the African slave-trade—a trade which the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, pronounced to be “a scourge which desolates Africa, degrades Europe, and afflicts humanity;” and for the suppression of which laws have been enacted. But our hearts are sorrowful in the consideration that this traffic is still carried on to a large extent, and that a vast amount of the population of the western world is still subject to the cruelty and the wrongs of slavery. We desire to cherish this sympathy, and that we may behold the increase of it amongst all men everywhere.

One God is the Creator of us all; his eyes are in every place

beholding the evil and the good. He will bring every work to judgment, and every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil. The families of the earth are all of one blood; all partakers in the same corrupt nature consequent upon the fall of man; all are alike subject to infirmity, disease and death, and all amenable to the same judgment after death. In the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ there is no respect of persons. He tasted death for every man; all distinctions of country, tongue and colour are merged in the immensity of that love in which the Father has sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world. Wherever the religion of the Gospel of Christ obtains its proper place within us, it softens our hearts; it brings man into fellow-feeling with his fellow-man; it brings him to regard every man as a brother, and to look upon the nations of the earth as all of one family. Amongst the millions of mankind there is not one beneath the notice of our Father who is in heaven: if we be partakers of his love, it leads us into pity for the forlorn, the helpless and the oppressed; and it constrains us to do what we can to mitigate the pain and to assuage the sorrows of those who are in suffering, to befriend the friendless, and to labour for the improvement of the condition of the most degraded of our race.

We are now assembled in our Yearly Meeting for the promotion of charity and godliness amongst ourselves, and according to our measure, for the spreading of truth and righteousness upon the earth. The condition of the natives of Africa, as affected by the continuance of the slave-trade, and that of the slaves in North and South America, and on the islands adjacent to that continent, have again awakened our sympathy. We believe it to be a duty laid upon us to plead the cause of these our fellow-men. We submit to the consideration of all those in authority in the nations which take upon them the name of Christ, the utter incompatibility of slavery with the divine law. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them:" these were the precepts of our Lord. He spoke as never man spoke, and of his words He declared, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away:" they are the law of God's righteousness to all generations. We submit whether, without breaking this law, it be possible for man to hold or to claim a right to property in the person of his fellow-man; whether, admitting the supreme authority of this law, man can buy or sell his brother; whether he can withhold from those who labour for him that which is just and equal; whether the forced and

uncompensated labour of the negro slave be not the breaking of this law ; in short, whether any man or any of the nations of men can, in any one of these things, violate the law of the Lord and be guiltless.

For the space of three hundred years, the trade in slaves has been carried on from Africa to the opposite shores of the Atlantic ; and this traffic in the persons of men is still prosecuted with unrelenting and unmitigated cruelty : year by year countless multitudes are torn from all that they hold dear in life, to pass their days in toil and misery. Men are still to be found so hardened in heart, so bent upon the gain of oppression, and so devoid of all that we deem the common feelings of humanity, as to spend their time and talents in pursuit of this criminal commerce. We forbear to enter in detail upon the large variety of human suffering, inseparable from this complicated iniquity. But we trust we do not take too much upon ourselves, in asking those whom we now address to open their ears to the groaning of the oppressed, and to give themselves to sympathy with their sufferings ; to think upon the war, and rapine, and bloodshed, attendant upon the capture of slaves in the interior of Africa—upon what they are made to endure in their transit to the coast and in their passage across the ocean ; and not to shrink from making themselves acquainted with the horrors and the loathsomeness of the slave-ship ; to follow the poor, helpless, unoffending negro, if he survive the suffering of the voyage, and to think upon his condition when landed upon a foreign shore, and entered upon a life of hard and hopeless servitude—it may be—to be worked to death in his early manhood, or to live to behold his children subjected to the same degradation and oppression as himself.

Blessed is the man that considereth the poor. The blessing of the Lord resteth upon him who, knowing the evil which attends his neighbour's lot in life, is stretching forth his hand for the relief of his poverty and distress ; and his blessing is upon those who, like the Patriarch of old, are inquiring into the sorrows and hardship of the poor, the fatherless, and those that have none to help them. "The cause which I knew not," said he, "I searched out."

Our sympathies are wakened not for the native African alone, and the victims of the African slave-trade, but we feel for those who are living and labouring in a state of slavery, who were born in slavery, and possibly may die subject to its privation and its hardship. In those countries in which this system is upheld by law, man is degraded to the condition of a beast of burthen, and regarded as an article of merchandize. The slave has nothing in

life that he can call his own ; his physical powers, the limbs of his body, belong to another ; it can scarcely be said that the faculties of his mind are his own. All that distinguishes him as a rational creature is, by the law of the State, treated as the property of another. He may be a man fearing God, and desiring to approve himself a disciple of Christ—we believe that there are such—whatever the consistency of his character as a Christian, and however advanced in the cultivation of his mind, all avails him nothing : he is still a slave, and the law allows him nothing to look to in life but hopeless, helpless, friendless slavery. Endowed by his Maker with capacity for enjoyment like other men, he has his social affections ; he may be honourably married, and in married life surrounded by offspring dear to him as his own flesh ; but he knows not the day nor the hour in which he may be torn from his wife, or in which his children, at their tender age, may be snatched away, sold to the man-trader, and carried into far distant captivity. So long as slavery is upheld by law, we can have no security for the extinction of a trade in slaves. Such are the contingencies of the system under every modification of which it is capable, that, until slavery be abolished, men, women and children will, we fear, be imported from Africa, and be bought and sold like the cattle of the field ; and the barbarities of the slave-market will continue to pollute the towns and villages of those islands in the West Indies in which slavery exists, and in the slave-holding countries of America.

The subject is so vast, and of such manifold atrocity, we think, that even the history of the whole world does not furnish a parallel to its crime. We deem it scarcely possible for a man of the most comprehensive mind fully to possess himself of the extent of the evil. The Lord alone doth know, none but the Infinite Mind can comprehend, the individual and the aggregate sufferings of those subjected to these enormities. God alone can reach the heart and awaken the conscience. It is our strong desire—we speak with reverence and fear—it is our prayer, that He may bring everyone to a sense of his own share in the guilt, and that, ceasing from his iniquity, the condemnation resting upon the man-stealer and upon those who trade in the persons of men may no longer attach itself to anyone bearing the name of a Christian ; and that the slaveholder, whether he be more or less involved in the sin of oppression, may be brought to act in obedience to the law of impartial and uncompromising equity, and, without hesitation and without delay, restore to immediate and unconditional freedom every slave that he holds in bondage.

The Gospel of Christ is precious to us. Through the mercy of God to our souls we trust we are prepared, in some degree, to appreciate the means which, in his wisdom and love, He has provided for the redemption of the world, and the reconciling of man to Himself. In the word of ancient prophecy, Christ was promised, that in Him all the families of the earth might be blessed. We cannot but entertain the opinion that the enlightenment of multitudes of the inhabitants of Africa, and their participation in the privileges and the consolations of the Christian religion, have been much retarded by the evil deeds of many who have gone among them; and especially that the cruelty and wickedness of the slave-trade have done much to keep them in ignorance of Him who died for them. In that love which extends over sea and land, and seeks the happiness of the whole human race, we make our appeal to those with whom it lies; and respectfully press upon them to take their part, in accordance with the peaceable religion of Christ, in removing every impediment out of the way, that, through the grace of God, the African, of every tribe and every tongue, may be brought to the knowledge of the Truth as it is in Jesus.

May it please the Lord Almighty to bless those who reign, and those who are in authority, in every nation in which Christianity is acknowledged. May his wisdom preside in all their councils, and the law of his righteousness be the rule of their actions. May the Prince of Peace, Christ Jesus our Saviour, be honoured wherever his name is known. May his holy religion obtain its rightful influence in the earth; and the people become prepared to offer praise to God in the language uttered by the heavenly host—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

After adopting this memorial the London Yearly Meeting proceeded to appoint its author, William Forster, to carry it to the several sovereigns on the European continent. The courts of Holland and Belgium were first visited, followed by journeys to Hanover, Sweden, Denmark, and the city of Hamburg, Prussia, Saxony, Austria, Bohemia, Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, Switzerland, Italy, France, and Spain during the years 1849-51. The memorial was carried to Brazil by John Candler, of Chelmsford, and Wilson Burgess, of Leicester, and to Portugal by John Candler and Robert W. Fox, of Falmouth.

At the Yearly Meeting in 1853 it was decided that the time

had come for the memorial to be presented in the United States. The following is taken from the minutes of that Meeting:

During the four years which have elapsed since 1849, the address has been personally presented by special deputations on behalf of this meeting to the most of the sovereigns of Europe, and to the Emperor of Brazil, as well as to many others in authority in each of the countries visited by these deputations; and this meeting thinks it right gratefully to record its reverent sense of the Divine assistance which has been graciously afforded in the prosecution of that part of the service which has already been accomplished.

On seriously deliberating, in the fear of the Lord, upon that which may yet remain to be performed, of the religious duty laid upon us as a church in this matter, we believe that the time is come for presenting the address to the President and others in power in the United States of America. Under a solemn sense of the weighty and important character of the mission, we accordingly appoint our beloved Friends, Josiah Forster, William Forster, John Candler, and William Holmes, (of whom William Forster and John Candler are ministers of the gospel, and Josiah Forster and William Holmes, elders in our religious Society), a deputation to proceed to America, and present the address to the President and other members of the Federal Government, to Governors of States, and others in authority in that great Republic.

William Forster, the leader of the deputation, had been in America twice before on religious missions. During his first visit, which lasted from 1820 to 1825, he traveled over most of the settled country visiting Friends and attending meetings. His second visit was made in 1845-46 as a member of a committee sent by London Yearly Meeting to Indiana where a division in the Yearly Meeting over antislavery proceedings had occurred. At the time of his third journey he was seventy years old.

Josiah Forster, a brother of William, had accompanied his brother to America in 1845. William Holmes had joined William Forster in a religious mission to the Isles of Guernsey and Jersey in 1844 and to Piedmont in 1852. In 1857 he was in the West Indies. He died in 1867 at the age of sixty-two.²

² *The Annual Monitor for 1868, or Obituary of the Members of the Society of Friends in Great Britain and Ireland, for the Year 1867* (N.S., No. 26, London, 1867), pp. 107-12.

The fourth member of the deputation, the author of the letters, John Candler, was sixty-six years old when he made the journey.³ He was born in Great Bardfield, Essex, March 10, 1787, the son of a schoolmaster. In 1799 he was apprenticed to a linen draper and then opened his own shop in Chelmsford. His business prospered and he was able to retire at an early age. Though his formal schooling had been short, he had continued his studies, particularly in the classical and modern European languages.. He read widely.

Candler's parents were deeply religious people. He grew up close to the church and was a devoted Bible student. Shortly after coming to Chelmsford he began giving scriptural instruction at a Friends' school for girls, and wrote on biblical and philanthropic subjects for periodicals. He first spoke in the ministry when he was about twenty-six years old. Shortly after settling in Chelmsford he married Maria Knight of that place. It is to her that these letters are addressed.

Candler's first religious service abroad was in 1839-41, when, accompanied by his wife, he sailed to the West Indies to study the conditions of the emancipated Negroes. Their itinerary included, besides stops in thirteen of the islands, visits to Berbice and Demerara in British Guiana, a tour of Jamaica, and a three-month exploration of Haiti. Before returning home they made a tour of the United States. In 1849 the Candlers, accompanied by George William Alexander and his wife, made a second trip to the West Indies on behalf of the Anti-Slavery Society, to study further the effects of emancipation. Before returning home they made stops in New York, Philadelphia, and Washington. In 1852, as mentioned above, Candler went to Portugal with the antislavery address from the Meeting for Sufferings and then to Brazil on the same mission.

After his return from his mission to America in 1853-54, Candler made one more long religious journey, this time to

³ A biographical sketch of Candler is given in *The Annual Monitor for 1870*, pp. 39-50.

Norway, in 1862, at the age of seventy-five. He also made various trips within the British Isles in religious service.

From 1842 to 1846 Candler had served as superintendent at the Friends' Retreat near York, and it was while here that he was recorded as a minister. He was a founder of the Chelmsford Auxiliary Bible Society and acted as secretary for forty years. He died at the age of eighty-two years on March 7, 1869.

Joseph Smith's *A Descriptive Catalogue of Friends' Books* . . . (London, 1867) lists the following items by Candler:

Candler, John, *A Reply to the Pamphlet of a Country Clergyman, entitled, Reasons for not attending The British and Foreign Bible Society.* [Anonymous.]

Chelmsford: Printed and sold by Meggy & Co.
8vo. [1812]

————— *West Indies.—Extracts from the Journal of John Candler, whilst travelling in Jamaica.* Parts 1 and 2.

London: Harvey and Darton, Gracechurch-street.
8vo. 1840-41.

————— *Brief Notices of Hayti: with its condition, resources, and Prospects.*

London: Thomas Ward and Co., 27, Paternoster-row; and Charles Gilpin, 5, Bishopsgate-street Without.
12mo. 1842

————— and G. W. Alexander.—*The British West Indies in 1850.* See *The Anti-Slavery Reporter*, Vol. 6, New Series.
Folio. 1851.

————— and Wilson Burgess. *Narrative of a Recent visit to Brazil, by John Candler and Wilson Burgess: to present an address on the Slave Trade and Slavery, issued by the Religious Society of Friends.* [Published by The Meeting for Sufferings.]

London: Edward Marsh, Friends' Book and Tract Depository, 84, Houndsditch. . . .
8vo. [1853]

Also included in the *Catalogue* is

Maria Candler and Catharine Alexander. *Extracts of Letters lately received from the West Indies, in regard to Education and the Cholera. . . .*

Folio. No Printer's name or place [1851]

In the Library of the Society of Friends in London there are manuscript journals of Candler's travels in Portugal in 1852 and of his voyage to the West Indies and the United States in 1849-50. There are also copies of memoranda and letters relating to his visit to the West Indies and the United States in 1839-41.

Candler copied the letters written on his last American tour into the little notebook which the Indiana Historical Society owns, for the use of his friend Benjamin Seebohm, who was preparing his *Memoirs of William Forster*. The originals of the letters are in the library at Haverford College, and through the courtesy of the librarian the copies have been collated with the originals. Very few discrepancies were noted. Any additional material found in the original letters that seemed to have significance has been put in footnotes. Passages that seemed unimportant have been cut out and these omissions have been indicated by ellipses. Some of the long unbroken passages have been paragraphed.

Candler's itinerary given at the end of the letters is from original documents in the Haverford Library.

The help given by Miss Anna B. Hewitt, assistant curator of the Quaker Collection at Haverford, and Miss Muriel B. Hicks, assistant librarian of the Library of the Society of Friends in London, is gratefully acknowledged.

GAYLE THORNBROUGH
Editor

Travels in America

being a series of letters from John Candler to his wife, written whilst on his tour in the years 1853 and 1854, as companion to Wm. Forster, Josiah Forster and Wm. Holmes.

Copied 1861

*N. B. This was an Anti Slavery tour entered upon under the religious concern and by direction of the London Yearly Meeting.
anno 1853*

AT SEA, OFF HALIFAX NOVA SCOTIA 9 Mo. 13th 1853

MY BELOVED MARIA

We have been now ten days at sea, having passed Newfoundland, and are expecting to land at Halifax to morrow morning; and wishing to give thee the earliest possible intelligence of our safe arrival, I sit down at the saloon table, under a head wind strong against us, to tell thee how we all are. The passengers are 140 in number: the cabin berths are not so large as in the Brazilian steamers nor the seat accommodations on the deck so good, but we have an excellent table, are well waited upon, and our captain is most polite and agreeable. I have not been once sick, and have only once withdrawn myself from the saloon at meal times, and have slept soundly. The weather has varied much, from warm to very cold, and from cold back again to warmth and summer heat. On approaching the banks of Newfoundland I could scarcely keep myself warm with my great coat on and cloak around me: to day I can sit on deck under lee from the wind and enjoy the sunshine and bland atmosphere as we did in the region of Madeira and Tenerisse. All my companions,¹ I am sorry to say, have suffered from sea sickness, especially the two brothers, who have kept to their beds most of the time, and when they emerge awhile to take a little fresh air and to change the scene, are so weak as to need help from us who are stronger; but they are very cheerful, and we all go on delightfully together. Wm Holmes was sick for two or three days but is now pretty well again and is writing a letter at the same table.

We have about 30 females passengers on board and some young people, boys and girls, full of hilarity and enjoyment. Among our men we have an English clergyman and two American doctors of divinity, with whom I have had pleasure in

¹ William Forster, Josiah Forster, and William Holmes.

conversing. The Englishman crossed the Atlantic about 30 years ago with Isaac and Anna Braithwaite, of whom he speaks very respectfully: "Mrs Braithwaite," he supposes, "went over to help in routing the Hicksites!" One of the American clergymen was brought up, or rather lived, in a family of the Hicksites, but was led to see the sad tendency of their doctrines and to escape the poison: he loved Joseph John Gurney² and attended one or two of his meetings: Mr Gurney he said, "had an unction from the Holy one; all he said bespoke this." Another of our passengers is Chief Justice Shaw of Boston, who as Chancery judge, delivered judgment against John Wilbur and his fellow seceders on the claim they set up, as the true orthodox friends, to possess certain property belonging to the society.³ I am also much pleased with Henry Tuke Parker,

² Joseph John Gurney (1788-1846), scholar, theologian, and Quaker. His sister, Elizabeth Gurney Fry, was one of the leaders in prison reform. Another sister married the great antislavery leader, T. Fowell Buxton. Buxton's sister was the wife of William Forster. J. J. Gurney has been described as the most influential Quaker after the founders of the Society. His theology was greatly influenced by his contacts with the Evangelicals of his day, and this he carried over into his Quakerism. In 1836 when the struggle between the Quietist and Evangelical wings of the Society came to a head at London Yearly Meeting, Gurney carried the meeting with him. He came to America in 1837 to help heal the breach caused by the Hicksites. His Evangelical influence, however, was so great that it forced the reactionary Wilburite movement in America. See note 3 below. *Dictionary of National Biography*, edited by Leslie Stephens and Sidney Lee (63 volumes. New York and London, 1885-1900), XXIII, 363-64.

³ John Wilbur, a New England Quaker of the Quietist type, opposed the Evangelical reforms of J. J. Gurney and attacked him, without mentioning his name, in *Letters to Friends on Some of the Primitive Doctrines of Christianity* (1832). When Gurney came to America Wilbur challenged him several times. The former was well received by American friends, and disciplinary measures were taken against Wilbur for his attack on an approved minister, and he was expelled from his meeting in 1843. This occasioned a break in the New England Yearly Meeting, five hundred of his supporters withdrawing to form "The Smaller Body." The Massachusetts courts decided in favor of "The Larger Body" in a suit over the possession of property, and "The Larger Body" was recognized by the London and Dublin Yearly Meetings. *Dictionary of American Biography*, edited by Dumas Malone (20 volumes and index. New York, 1928-37), XX, 200.

a Bostonian, who tells me that his father named him Henry Tuke, because he was pleased with his writings on the principles of Friends. We have had one Anti-Slavery debate, which was incidentally forced upon me by a South Carolinian: it was conducted on both sides with composure of mind and apparent good feeling and ended well: several of the Americans took the right side and made me feel that a change of opinion in regard to Slavery is gaining ground in some at least of the States. If we leave Halifax to morrow morning at 7 o'clock, as we hope to do, we shall probably take tea at Boston the day after. I rather suppose, in that case, that Josiah and William Forster will go forward to Providence with Dr Tobey for a day or two, and that Wm Holmes and myself shall make our way to New York, to be at their meeting on First-day next, and that soon after this we shall all meet together again at Burlington and Philadelphia. Josiah Forster wishes me to say that he feels himself pretty well now and that he intends to write from Boston: if this letter be sent to my sister E C she will say so much with his dear love to his wife, and brother and sisters. Wm Forster means to write home while we lay for an hour or two in still water at Halifax in the night. I have thought of you at your Quarterly meeting to day and am thinking of thee very very often: my health is good; take care of thyself, and let us trust that through a gracious Providence we shall not long hence be together again. With much love to you all, to thyself especially

I remain most affectionately and truly Thine

J C.

CITY OF HALIFAX 9th Mo. 14th

“Après l’orage vient le calme,” said an old Swedish gentleman to me this morning as I came early on deck; and true enough we find it so. After writing the foregoing letter yesterday, I went to the captains cabin to examine the chart: it was blowing a gale: suddenly the ship pitched; a cataract of water came rolling over the bows, and poured a river on the

main deck. The sight of the sea at this moment was very grand: the waves ran high and were covered with foam to the very horizon. A strong gale arrested, to some extent, the motion of the steamer during the night; but this morning what a change! A cloudless sky, a smooth ocean, summer warmth! Thus does North America for the third time welcome me. Josiah Forster is now with me in the city, quite animated in feeling himself once more on firm ground. Once more, my Love, farewell. We go on almost immediately to Boston. I am well and in good spirits, thankful to our Heavenly father who has brought us thus far safely on our way.

Thine faithfully

J C

No. 2

NEW YORK 9th Mo 20th 1853

We reached Boston on the 15th by moonlight, too late in the evening to land. Early the next morning we quitted the ship and went on shore, and found many friends ready to meet and welcome us. Stephen Chase had come from Salem and Samuel Boyce from Lynn: Marmaduke Cope from Rhode island, where he was spending the summer; Dr Tobey from Providence and Mahlon Day and Robert Murray from New York. All these kind friends evinced an evident desire to serve us and promote our comfort. We repaired to one of the largest hotels, obtained the comfort of a good breakfast and a warm bath, and then prepared ourselves to enjoy the day. On calling at the Custom-house to clear our luggage Saml Boyce said to the chief officer, "these friends are come on religious service to this land, and have a case and package of religious books for distribution: will you let them pass without examination and without duty?["] After looking at the law in the matter he said, we will fix a nominal value of ten dollars, on which the duty will be one dollar, and will then allow you to take them away. This saved us much trouble. On S B's saying to another of the officers what he had told the Chief, the latter

replied "if they do as much good as Joseph Jno Gurney, the more of them that come amongst us, the better."

In the evening we took a ride over Boston common, saw the spot where Mary Dyer is said to have suffered death, and took a general view of the city. Boston is grown an immense place since thou and I were there in 1841, and is now joined by this enlargement to several other towns near, making an aggregate population of 200,000 persons. The panorama of the city, as seen from the State House is now truly grand.

On 7th day morning we left by railway at 8 o'clock and arrived at New York with Mahlon Day about 1/2 past 4 P.M. Our route lay through the centre of Massachusetts and Connecticut, and for a long distance by the side of Connecticut river. On First day we attended meeting at New York, truly glad to be once more united to a large body of Friends in public worship. Wm Forster and Josiah went from Boston to Providence: Wm Holmes and myself only to New York. Here we met good old Thomas Hillis from Long-island and Dr Thomas from Baltimore. The ministerial service of the morning rested mainly with these friends; and in the afternoon exclusively with the latter, who enlarged on the parable of the sower with uncommon clearness and much gospel power.

Yesterday we set out, a small band of us, to view the New York Chrystal Palace, which is only a fifth part as large as that of London.⁴ The exhibition is a good one: the statue of the Greek slave is here exhibited without her chains!⁵ After a late dinner at David Sands' new mansion, for a mansion it literally is, we repaired to Robert J Murray's to tea, to meet the Forsters who had just arrived, and many other friends who came to join the party. Many were the inquiries after thee, and the expressions of satisfaction it would have given them to see thee again in this land. Mary Ann Murray and Anna Shotwell received

⁴ In the original letter Candler wrote: ". . . the building is very beautiful, but . . ."

⁵ In the original letter Candler wrote: ". . . the Greek slave which was exhibited in London with her chains is here exhibited without them, at least the statue seems to me to be the same, but I asked no questions."

thy letters and the presents with much pleasure, and sent in return their kind love. How much I enjoy the company of our New York friends, and their abounding hospitality! Peaches are now declining in flavor, but some good ones remain: a friend from the country brought us a basket of delicious ones, like those that Susan Smith gave us to take on board ship when we left New York in the autumn of 1850. We have them served plentifully at the tea table, and with melons at dinner. Susan Day, dear girl, came to me just now with "I thought Friend Candler I should have found thee up stairs: I have left a peach for thee[""]: coming to my apartment I found two fine peaches on a plate before me: how kind every body is! I feel quite thankful.

9 Mo. 22. We are now at Burlington among many dear friends—the Forsters at E P Gurney's at West-hill; Wm Holmes at the house of Rowland and Ann Jones, and myself at W J Allinson's. After breakfast our beloved friend Rebecca Allinson offered up thanksgiving for our preservation thus far; and a touching prayer for us that the Holy Spirit may guide us, and a blessing attend our movements. At 8 o'clock W Holmes and myself called on Stephen Grellet and spent a delightful half hour with him and his wife: S G is finely recovered and comes out to meetings, sometimes twice in the day: he inquired most affectionately after thee. Richard Mott met us at Rowland Jones' to dinner: the good old man, now 88 years of age, walks as upright as any young man, and joins with a hearty zest in conversation. In the afternoon a large company of us were conveyed in four carriages to West Hill, to spend a long and social evening together with E P Gurney and her sisters and niece. I went with Hannah Taylor in her light open waggon, behind a pair of fine horses, and called first on Julia Clark at her cottage in her sister's grounds, who received me with great cordiality. At the hall we sat down twenty to the tea table, covered, American like, with preserves and relishes. Fruits and ices were served at 9 o'clock. Mahlon Day and Richard Mott were of our number, as also Wm and Rebecca

Allinson and their good old aunts. Julia Clark and one of her sisters and their niece Harriet Kirkbride, in a very lady like manner assisted the servants in waiting upon us. The old arm chair of Wm Penn in which we once sat, and his silver tea service are removed to Susan Smith's at Burlington. Many friends told me that they hoped to have seen thee with me in this my third visit to their distant land: all seemed fond of thee, and many sent their love.

This morning we attended Burlington week day meeting: seven ministers in the gallery, and not a word spoken. Thomas Evans and Jno M Whitall from Philadelphia came over to meet us, and invite us to their houses in that city. My companions in travel all went to West hill to dinner: I went with Richd Mott, Mahlon Day and John M Whitall to the comfortable dwelling of Amelia Smith to dine there. In the evening our whole company took tea at S Grellet's. The dear man seemed overjoyed to be surrounded by English friends. In the course of some conversation which I had with him when we were alone, he said, in allusion to the distressing attacks of pain which he often suffers, "I speak it with humble thankfulness to my great and good Lord, that in the midst of my bodily anguish, I have found some of the happiest moments of my life: my desire is to cultivate an entire submission, and to be able to say Thy will be done." "Tell thy dear Maria," he continued, "that I hope she may share with thee in the help and comfort of the good Master: we have often thought of her: it must have been a trying parting to you." Rebecca and Rachel Grellet send their dear love and thank thee for thy presents. When I was going away S G, with his usual politeness, took me by the hand and said (he is nearly blind and otherwise infirm) "I would not let thee go home alone, if I were able to go with thee."

9 Mo. 23. Hannah Taylor placed her brother's carriage at our disposal for a country ride on the left bank of the Delaware, and to call on Richard Mott at his country residence where we were regaled with an abundance of good black grapes. Before quitting Burlington we all of us called again on S & R Grellet

and had a parting religious opportunity together, in which Wm Forster was engaged in much love to address and encourage his good old friend and fellow labourer in the gospel. There had been floods in this part of New Jersey. Many friends came to the train to see us depart. I could hardly help saying to the Allinsons as we took leave; "many towns overflow with water, but Burlington overflows with kindness."

PHILADELPHIA 9 Mo. 26th 1853

On arriving at the wharf of this city we were met by Thomas Evans and J M Whitall. The Forsters went with Thomas Evans to his house in Arch Street—Wm Holmes myself and Mahlon Day with J M W in his own carriage to Filbert Street. J M Whitall is a frank intelligent hospitable man, and his wife a person of fine presence and of liberal heart and mind: they have one married daughter and a son and two daughters at home with them. On 7th day morning our company had a private conference with Samuel Bettle, Wm Evans, Israel Morris and Thos Evans, to whom we opened our prospect of servise: in the afternoon Wm Holmes and myself, attended by the son in law of our host, took a drive in his carriage to the Schullyll water works and the Pennsylvania hospital for the insane. The first private call I made in the city was on Elizabeth White and her daughters, who received me, as they always have done, with affection and kindness. Rebecca looks very poorly, but in mind and conversation is as benevolent as ever. Yesterday we attended the Twelfth street meeting: Saml Bettle Jr a valuable minister was absent; the work of the ministry devolved on me, and I was enabled, much to my own relief and comfort, to invite my fellow professors to come to Christ and to dwell in Him. After the morning meeting I called on Jane Pettit who is now a sorrowful widow in a large house with large possessions, left alone to contend with the fluctuations of life. Eight weeks ago her husband died. After being unwell a few days with a bowel complaint, he sent for Doctor Beesley, who feeling his pulse told him that he had only a few hours to live: mortification had already begun its course. The

patient, whose voice was still strong, could scarcely comprehend his own danger, but immediately dictated his will, took leave of his wife and daughter and friends, and in a few hours sank lifeless away. This circumstance has occasioned me grief, as I felt a strong regard for Dr Pettit, and he had looked forward with pleasure his widow tells me, at the thought of meeting me again. So are the links of life severed!

This morning Saml Rhoads came to convey Wm Holmes and myself to spend the day at his pleasant abode at Blockley. To morrow morning we all leave this city for Baltimore, and on 5th day we hope to be at Washington, where our arduous labors begin. May the Lord give us grace to keep near to Him, and may He preserve us! the work is one of much importance and of no small difficulty. I cannot remember all the messages of love given me in charge to her I love above all others, and to whom my "heart untravelled" is constantly turning. Many are the kind friends who would gladly have given thee a domicile hadst thou crossed the ocean with me. Truly glad shall I be when our work, scarcely yet begun, is concluded, and I am at liberty to return to thee again.

Nobody in New England or New York could give us any information about the movements of John Wilbur, but we are told in this city that he leaves New York for England on the 28th instant, accompanied by his son Dr. Wilbur: if so, he will soon be with you. Although his *meetings* have given him leave to go to England, many of his immediate friends much disapprove it: his late visit to Pennsylvania added nothing to his reputation as a travelling minister, and rather lessened than increased the desire of his adherents to stand by him and support the secession of which he is the cause and leader. Poor man, I wish him well, but hope for his own sake that he may soon be back again to his native land. And now my dear Maria farewell. May the great preserver of men keep thee and bless thee.

I remain most affectionately & truly Thine

J C.

Isaac & Rebecca Collins have kindly called on us but we have not been yet able to visit them at their home.

No. 3

BALTIMORE 9th Mo. 28th 1853

MY BELOVED MARIA

On our return from Blockley on 2nd day last we rode across the country to call on Israel Morris, and spent our last evening at Philadelphia at the house of Thomas Evans where we met a large company. We have received great kindness thus far: even those friends who have so long stood aloof from us seemed disposed to hold out the olive branch: sympathy and good wishes have been expressed in quarters where we hardly expected it.

Yesterday we left Philadelphia for this city. Thos Wistar had left his home ten miles off to conduct us thus far. On arriving here we found Dr Thomas & his son waiting to convey us from the station to their home. Wm Forster and Wm Holmes lodge there: Josiah Forster and myself are guests of Galloway and Margaret Cheston's next door. I made an early call on Mary Ann Fowler and Elizabeth who were greatly pleased to see me. It rejoices my heart to see how exceedingly pleasant to all our friends is the remembrance of thy visits to this country. One friend said to me, "I remember your former visit to Philadelphia with interest: I remember thee but especially thy wife." I thanked him in my heart for the good word: it touched a tender chord within me. At dinner yesterday we were regaled as on a former occasion at Baltimore with a profusion of iced cream, which, as the weather is warm—the thermometer 75°—was very grateful to us: today we dine at Dr Thomas'. Thy kind and truly welcome letter of the 8th Inst is received: continue to give me all details of home and friends.

WASHINGTON 9 Mo 28 to 10th Mo. 3rd

The last time we passed from Baltimore to Washington was in 1849, and if thou remembers, the weather was hot, and we had a storm of thunder lightning and rain: this time of performing the journey the sky threatened us but gave no storm, and now the weather is serene and clear. The city of Washington, contrary to my former expectation, is fast increasing in size and population, and now contains 50,000

inhabitants. They are building a monument to the memory of Genl Washington which when completed will be 517 feet high—the highest edifice of the known world: it is already 140 feet from the ground, and begins to vie with the proud capital, now enlarged by extensive wings. After having waited three days in consequence of the indisposition of President Pierce, we have at length obtained an audience, and a pretty long interview, much to our satisfaction. Wm Forster opened the business in a manner calculated to make a good impression on his mind. The President, on his part, took a review of the past and present state of the American mind on the subject of Slavery, offering no justification for it, as an institution on any ground whatever, and seeming to deplore its existence: he at once comprehended both our object and motives, gave us full credit for sincerity and right feeling, and told us that our right course (a course we had already resolved) was to proceed to the Southern States where slavery prevails, and in the same spirit in which we had come to him, to solicit an interview with the Executive of each State. He was satisfied, he said, that Governors of States would listen to a calm appeal against slavery, exciting as the subject really was, and that we should every where be received with respect. Acting as we did, and going in the spirit which seemed to attend us, no one he thought could take offence. He was satisfied with the course we took, and if anything should be stated in the public papers derogatory of our mission he should be quite willing to use his influence to defend us from being misrepresented; and that if we should return to Washington, we might put ourselves in communication with him again. The manner and bearing of the President was simple and polite, and his conversation christian in its character. Wm Forster, on leaving, as also Josiah, expressed sympathy for him and his wife in their recent bereavement of an only son by accidental death on a railway, which evidently touched him: he replied “Yes, we are left childless and are something desolate.” He accepted the parchment and immediately proceeded to join

his cabinet in another room.⁶ Thus one important step has been taken, and others are about to follow.⁷

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA 10th Mo 3rd

On First day last at Washington we held our meeting for worship at the hotel and were joined by Mary Ann Donaldson who lives in that city. In the afternoon we visited the *coloured* school at Dr Butler's episcopal place of worship: the number that usually meet there is about 200. Wm. Forster addressed the company with much earnestness, though briefly: Josiah Forster did the same. On Second day morning, rising before sunrise, we drove down to the Potomac and took passage by the steam boat to Acquia Creek, where 13 years ago, if thou remembers, we landed on our way to Cedar Creek, and passed onward over ten miles of sandy road in lumbering coaches which carried nine inside passengers each. This inconvenience is now removed; and the great southern rail road begins at this spot.⁸

Soon after breakfast on board the steamer, the day being delightful, one of moderate warmth and unclouded sunshine, I placed myself under an awning, with my face toward the Maryland shore, and began to read the travels of Sir Jno Mandeville in the East, five hundred years ago. We have both of us travelled far together: we can say with Mandeville that we have seen "half the firmament of the heavens between the two pole stars," and now without thee, though in good company, I am left to pursue a vast journey alone. I do feel the privation but endeavour to be cheerful and confiding. We are already a

⁶ The original letter contained the following statement: "The messenger told us before we went up to him that he had resolved, being unwell, to see no other person that day than the members of his cabinet and ourselves."

⁷ This paragraph in the original letter ends: "Should this letter be read by any of our friends who would be likely to communicate any particulars it may contain to others, let it be remembered, once for all, that nothing of mine is intended for publication in 'The Friend,' or any where else: what I write is private and confidential, as if sent to thyself alone."

⁸ In the original letter Candler added, "and by it, we pursued our journey to Richmond, the capital of Virginia."

thousand miles from Halifax where we first landed, and this is only a small fraction of the mighty land we expect to pass over. Through mercy we are all in good health and go forward happily together: Nathaniel Crenshaw and his son John met us at Richmond and conducted us to the house of Mary Ladd, where we are all hospitably entertained. This friend is the aunt of the two young women who attracted so much of our attention at Cedar Creek: thou wilt remember the conversation you had together, and what she told thee about them—that having been surrounded by slave girls and always waited upon they could do nothing for themselves and were only fit for a glass case to be looked at. I well remember the fine form and face of one of them, who married, as we thought she would do, out of our society: she is now in a declining state of health, not expected to live many days: the other sister died suddenly of cholera on board one of the Ohio steamers.

We met here from Cedar creek a woman friend who seemed greatly pleased to meet me again, who asked very affectionately after thee: she asked me also good humouredly, and with a significant smile whether I had seen Wm Evans in Philadelphia? How long some little encounters are remembered and serve to amuse the mind! We are here in the midst of slavery and a slavery loving people, and feel the necessity of being very cautious as to what we say: we may speak of slavery as something unchristian, but to say a hard word against those who cherish the system is to throw a spark upon gunpowder. Richmond is a city of 35,000 inhabitants, standing on the St James' river: we ascended the roof of the State house and had a fine panorama of the city and its environs about 15 miles round. A water mill on the bank of this river in the city itself turns out on an average 800 barrels of flour, equal to 560 sacks *every day*, and sometimes makes 1000 barrels a day! This mill is only one out of many which the city contains, and is a wonder in itself.

BRIDGEPORT WESTERN VIRGINIA 10th Mo. 7th

Our object in going to Richmond was to wait on the Governor of Virginia and present our address: this object however was not attained, as he was gone to his plantation in Harrison county, *360 miles distant*. We had intended to go from Richmond into Kentucky, but the Governor's absence induced us to change our course, and proceed to Ohio, taking his house by the way: we therefore returned to Baltimore. Yesterday found us on the Baltimore and Ohio rail road on our way to Cumberland. Thou wilt perhaps remember the beautiful ride of 180 miles we took three years ago between these two cities—the rocky defiles of Harper's ferry, and the number of fine sweeping curves we made among them, and on the banks of the Potomac. I therefore pass on without further notice. Our route from Cumberland this morning was through a portion of Virginia quite new to me. Three years since there was no rail road in this part of the province, west of the Blue ridge mountains: one of 200 miles long is now open and extends to Wheeling. This road for its engineering difficulties and its rapid execution is little short of a wonder: it is cut in much of its length through the western slopes of the Alleghany mountains, disclosing rocks and ravines and steep hills crowned with forests, which none but Indians and the hunters of wild animals ever penetrated. It was beautiful to observe, as we rolled along, the wild woods densely filled with trees, now changing from one mass of living green to the mingled tints of orange, yellow, green and vermilion that so richly adorn the Western world in autumn, and to notice the stupendous hills. It was I assure thee a rich treat.

We took our tickets for Wheeling with leave to lay over for a night by the way. At a distance therefore of 100 miles from Cumberland we left the train, and took the diligence that brought us to this small country town, near which the Governor—Joseph Johnson—resides. We walked to his house, where as a modern Cincinnatus he received us, not indeed at his plough, but in a modest mansion in the midst of his plantation,

and in a manner quite unpretending. He not only granted us an interview, but listened patiently to Wm Forster whilst he opened our concern to him, and allowed him also to read the document at full length. He gave us to understand that the people of Virginia were extremely sensitive on the subject of slavery, and could scarcely tolerate the interference of foreigners in regard to it, but that he was convinced of the purity of our motives and would accept our address and ponder its contents. Another important portion of our work is thus completed, and we now pass on into Ohio and thence to Kentucky.

I have not yet received thy second letter, but have heard of its arrival. Owing to our constant change of place, letters are sent on from one town to another after we have left: do not therefore be surprised if I make no allusion to what you may think we ought to know about. We value your letters greatly when we get them, but it will prove often a long time before they come to hand, as it does in this instance. My letters are written in bits and scraps as time and opportunity occur: thou must therefore excuse incoherencies, repetitions and blunders. We are all in good health. Our kind hostess at Richmond, Mary Ladd, desired me in a particular manner to commend her love to thee.

ON THE ROAD TO WHEELING 10th Mo. 8th

The astounding celerity with which rail roads are laid down in this country is not all advantage to the traveller. We rose this morning at 4 o'clock and passed through a newly cleared hilly country which 15 years ago was tenanted by bears, and is still overrun by wild deer, and which abounds with rattlesnakes. We are now waiting by the road side. The train was due at 8 o'clock: it is now past one, and no tidings of it. This is the second time that we have had to wait nearly five hours for trains due, but not arriving. The rail roads have but one track, and if a train be behind its time a single half hour, it throws out all the other trains on the line perhaps for half a day. Thus detained, we know not what to do: we must not walk far, or sleep, or sit down to write except at the peril of losing our

passage; and the worst of it is we are compelled sometimes to remain at spots where we are surrounded by low-lived, tobacco chewing, idle trash of white men who loiter about and pester us with questions. Such is our case at this spot: the country around it is beautiful; the day is warm and fine, almost too warm for me, and yet I cannot look about me for fear of missing the train. This is a part of Virginia in which there are but few slaves, and where the lands are cultivated chiefly by white laborers who earn a dollar a day and are boarded lodged and washed for! The Governor is a slave owner, but whilst he told us that the subject of slavery must not be discussed openly, as the laws of the State forbad everything "*which tended to excite,*" there were thousands of slave owners, he said, and he was one of them, who wished that there was not a slave in Virginia! How to get rid of slavery, he said, and get rid of the negro race was a problem which no American statesman knew how to solve. The institution was, however, a bad one, and he believed that at some time or other it would be abandoned. Like other slave owners he justified the treatment of his own slaves as humane, and complained bitterly of Harriet Beecher Stowe as the misrepresenter and traducer of her country, and her countrymen. Farewell

Thine most affectionately.

JC

No. 4

COLUMBUS OHIO 10th Mo. 12th 1853

MY BELOVED MARIA

On the evening of the day when I last wrote, the railway train, which had been delayed seven hours, came up to Fetterman and conveyed us to Wheeling. The new road continued to run in the course of the Valley river among the Alleghanies, amidst wild and lovely scenery: the morning was hazy and a slight frost covered the ground: the day proved very warm and the evening pleasant, and we greatly enjoyed the scenery. On First day morning last we hired a carriage to take us to Mount Pleasant in Ohio, distant 12 miles and reached the Friends'

meeting house about ten minutes after it had fully gathered. Wm Forster preached a considerable time, and we were far from regretting the effort we had made to join the congregation which consisted of about 120 persons.

As soon as the meeting was over our little band divided company: Wm and Josiah Forster repaired to Greenbury Plummer's, Wm Holmes to Doctor Flanner's, and I walked home with our former host George Jenkins, where Cyrus & Ann Mendenhall joined us to dinner. In the afternoon David & Rebecca Updegraft drove up, and we formed a very social pleasant evening party: all seemed glad to see us amongst them and I was truly glad to be welcomed by them again so heartily. The next morning I called alone on Elisha Bates, who is an invalid at the house of his married daughter, and sat half an hour with him: the Forsters called afterwards. He expressed himself much gratified with our attention and visits. He retains apparently a strong attachment to Friends, and would be glad, it is believed, to join us again, but of this there is at present no probability, so far as membership is concerned. We all of us went to David Updegraft's to dinner and sat down, a large company of us to an abundant repast most hospitably served: our plates were loaded, American fashion like, with turkey ham and beef, sweet potatoes, beet, lima beans, apple sauce and tomatoes: then followed a second course of apple pie, peach pie, preserves and grapes in profusion: the table groaned under the weight of good things, and a loving spirit pervading the whole circle, we enjoyed the feast greatly. Ann Taylor, now 88 years of age, was full of conversation, and as animated as her great grandchildren: she still rides on horseback and gallops on her old pony, now in his 33rd year! She held an appointed public meeting in the country on First day morning. At our parting the female friends of the company pressed round me to give messages of their love to thee—Ann Taylor, Rebecca Updegraft, Ann Mendenhall, Sarah Jenkins and Mary Binns, as others had done before; they seemed pleased to tell me of the conversations you had together in 1850. The

good old lady at the Temperance hotel desired me to send her love to thee, *if it was worth having*: "I did love her very much," she said, "we had much talk together;" and then she told me about thy travelling bonnet and thy meeting bonnet, and of the pertinacity of the over scrupulous about these things!

On Second afternoon we returned to Wheeling, where I met John Rawlings and Dr Bates, son of Elisha Bates, who made us a friendly call. Yesterday we took the stage for Zanesville, and this morning, after passing through 60 miles of a fine farm country, part of it through the native forest, we are now here at Columbus. A general election is now going on in Ohio, and the test question of the day is "Shall we demand a law to prohibit the distillation and sale of ardent spirits?" A strong effort is making for the Maine liquor law, already adopted by five states of the Union, and expected soon to be carried here.⁹ I have again visited the State Lunatic Asylum, and observe many improvements since we were here together.

10th Mo. 14th

Our object in coming to Columbus, the capital of Ohio, was to see the governor, but not finding him here, we took the stage for Lancaster where he resides. Lancaster is 29 miles from Columbus, and although we had two teams of four horses each, it took us six hours to perform the journey! On arriving at this country town of 4000 inhabitants, we found a large cattle fair to which thousands of people had congregated. In the centre of the field was erected a hippodrome or horse-course, where the horses brought for sale or to gain prizes are exercised, and this was the favorite spot of assembling for the concourse. One horse brought to the fair was worth 1000 dollars! The cattle were very good, several oxen, cows and calves were of un-mixed white and large of carcase; the fruit show was small, but we observed some golden pippin apples more than twelve inches

⁹ For a discussion of the Ohio election see Eugene H. Roseboom, *The Civil War Era (The History of the State of Ohio, III, Columbus, Ohio, 1944)*, 220-25. At the election a Democratic, anti-Maine Law Assembly was chosen and the temperance movement suffered a severe defeat.

round, two of which were given to us, and were of fine flavour. The cobs of Indian corn were magnificent: I counted on one of them 1200 grains, and sometimes two such cobs grow on one stalk and spring from a single grain. The land must be good that can return two thousand times the quantity of seed sown! This is a great country for Indian corn: the growers of it can sell it for a shilling a bushel and get rich.

In the evening the Governor of Ohio Wm Medill came to us at the hotel, and remained with us two hours: he allowed us to read the address at length and went into the subject of slavery with us very fully. He said to us, "Gentleman I am as much opposed to slavery as you are: I am opposed to it politically, and for the reasons also which you have given in your address, but as a nation we cannot get rid of it." He says that although the citizens of Ohio are enemies to slavery, they dislike the colored people, and persecute them sadly. "I will give you a specimen" he said. "I lately gave papers of naturalisation to an Englishman, who soon after married a malatto woman, and because he did so his neighbours and others would not allow him to vote, although he had as much right to do so as myself." As Wm Holmes and myself, on the outside of the coach this morning, were talking this matter over, the coachman joined in the discourse. "Is that man you speak of the one that lives near Lancaster? his wife is pretty black: the people halloed at him when he came to the town, I guess." We said to him, if this is a free country, a man may surely do what he pleases. "Well," he replied, "this *is* a free country, and a man *may* do what he likes, but he must not marry a nigger." The prejudice existing against the colored class is so deep and so general, and at the same time so unreasonable, as not only to move my commiseration, but to make me angry. Lancaster, though a small town, has many church buildings, and its school rooms accommodate 700 young persons, who receive gratuitously a good education, embracing the languages and mathematics: the town employs sixteen teachers, and the whole cost of education is paid by the State. Colored children are also educated at the public expense, but in schools of their own.

FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY 10th Mo 18th

From Columbus we came by railway to Cincinnati. Abram Taylor came to the hotel to seek for us, and he and his brother James Taylor insisted on making us all their guests. Susan Howland was here on a religious visit, accompanied by her son Robert and his wife, and Nathan and Mary Breed from Massachusetts. H[arrison] Alderson was also here, so that we sat down, a large company, to dinner. The last mentioned friends all lodged at Abram Taylor's: we had rooms allotted us at James Taylor's, in the house adjoining. On First day we attended Cincinnati meeting, which was large, and as some of our friends have said in their journals, "the truth was in dominion." Susan Howland and Wm Forster preached the gospel with power, and fervent vocal prayer was offered up by S H. In the evening we all met at the house of Ann Shipley, now 93 years of age, with other friends of the city, and had a religious meeting in her bed chamber. The dear old friend is bright and clear in her faculties and loving in her spirit, and has so much of good bodily health, as to lead us to believe that she may live many years longer.

Yesterday morning the Kentucky stage coach, carrying twelve inside, conveyed us to Lexington, the town where the late Henry Clay lived and died. We crossed the broad river Ohio in a large steam boat, stage horses and all, and proceeded over a good road 85 miles to that place. Kentucky abounds in lovely scenery, and we only lamented that so large and fine a province should be clouded by the guilt of slavery. The road leads in many parts through the uncleared forest, which covers both hill and valley. This is the beginning of what is termed the Indian summer. In the early morning is a slight frost attended by haze, making a great coat needful: long before noon the sun breaks out, and the weather is almost too warm, and at sun-set the cold returns. The woods are now in all their beauty and grandeur. In passing along we could have selected hundreds of thousands of trees, each one of which for richness of foliage, standing singly, would attract in England

the admiration of all observers. The colors of the foliage, just nipped by the frost, are green, orange, yellow, brown and crimson, and these mixed together in one immense mass, extending for miles together, and reflecting the radiance of a clear blue sky, form a picture, the beauty of which can scarcely be imagined by any one who has not seen it.

We dined at a country tavern by the way: a fine slave boy, good looking and black as jet, was employed in flapping away flies from the table with a bunch of peacock's feathers, and seemed very happy in his occupation; but it made me sad to think that when he becomes a man he may be sold perhaps for \$1200 to some wretched man-dealer and be sent to the South to sicken or die on some rice or sugar plantation, overworked by some cruel master. I used to love to look upon our own free blacks in the West Indies, but to look upon *slaves*, and to consider what they are and what they may be, makes me mournful. We do not feel our work to be less important the more we go into it, especially in the Slave states.

This morning we rose at 4 o'clock and came by the rail-car 28 miles to Frankfort the state town, to meet the Governor. One would think it must be very humiliating to men in authority, themselves slave owners, to hear such truths as we are compelled to utter before them in regard to the guilt of slavery: but to do them justice we must say that they listen composedly, and act like gentlemen: they allow us to read our address to them, and evince no angry feeling. The governor of Kentucky Lazarus W Powell received us politely, telling us to speak to him without reserve: we did so, and the cause of the slave was ably pleaded. On our leaving him Wm Forster expressed his hope that we might receive as much kindness and courtesy from the other State governors whom we proposed to visit: he took us by the hand and said that he was sure that the Governors further south would conduct themselves towards us as Christian men, and as gentlemen; and by his frank manner gave us good encouragement to proceed on our service.

To morrow we return to Cincinnati, and thence proceed to

Indiana, but whether we shall get so far north as Back creek to visit our Essex friends is doubtful. Our course lies westward to Illinois and Missouri. We remain in pretty good health, but I feel the changes of temperature, which occur often, to occasion me a chronic cold which I cannot shake off. The rooms are warmed by such great fires that when we step into the open air we are at once in a chilling climate. It is surprising to me how these Americans can sit as they do before these mighty fires with their hats on, and their legs over the backs of chairs in front of them, or against the mantel-piece and escape cold as they do.

* * *

The telegraphs of this country do their work more effectually than ours in England. Dr Thomas of Baltimore had occasion to send me a message to our hotel at Washington: the clerk who attends the machine, instead of writing it off with his own hand, sent a strip of paper, which the machine, acting as an automaton, had printed off. I enclose it as a curiosity, not having seen the like before, although the art is known in England and perhaps practised. In a few days I hope to write again, but as we shall soon be about 1200 miles from the sea board, thou must not be surprised if my letters should seem to loiter.

With dear love to you all, Thine faithfully

JC

No 5

CINCINNATI 10 Mo 25th 1853

MY BELOVED MARIA

We yesterday attended the Mo. Meeting of friends in this city, and took an evening meal at Ezra Bailey's. Our friends the Taylors are princely men, and make us truly welcome: they place their carriages at our service and themselves also, and conduct us wherever we wish to go. The refuge for juvenile offenders of this city, which now contains 130,000 inhabitants, does great credit to its founders: everything in it and about it—schools, workshops, religious instruction, diet and lodging,

has a reformatory character : all tends to improvement. William Forster addressed the young people seriously and affectionately. We have now travelled 1750 miles and have had an opportunity of observing men and manners, and the improvements which are going on everywhere. In the cities, and among merchants and professional men and their families there is perhaps as much of refinement as we find among the upper classes in England, but the country towns of the interior exhibit, in some of the inhabitants, a coarseness which is really repulsive. "We live in a free country, I guess," is a common saying of the common people, and this freedom gives them a license to chew tobacco, to spit before you, to ask questions without limit, to loiter, to drink and to talk politics. It would take a long time to reconcile me to such a democracy and especially, connected as it is, with a stupid hatred of the colored classes.

In Kentucky, the other day, a slave owner forced me into conversation about slavery: he abused Harriet Beecher Stowe, stigmatised her book as a tissue of lies, and spoke of slaves as being superlatively happy! He much lamented that duelling was getting out of favor, and gave me by his talk the impression that the planters of Kentucky live under the dominion and shadow of the wicked one. I kept my temper, replied to his observations, corrected his gross misstatements: in short spoke mildly, and by one single observation of my own, seemed to attract his good will. A well educated man, but rather profane, stood behind me and clapped me on the back—no great honor I confess, and said to my opponent "What an infernal set of fellows you are!" I was grieved at the expression and said "Do not speak in that manner: these are hard words to use." The planter rejoined, "Well I do like the Quakers," and as we passed on to the tea table took his seat next me and began to converse somewhat rationally. If this man however be a type, and I suppose he is, of the slave holders as a class, I can only say that slavery hardens the heart of man desperately, and is in truth what John Wesley said of it long ago—"the sum and substance of all villany." I mourn over the condition of this

country, and pray in my heart that the day may speedily come when all who are under oppression may become free. It rejoiced my heart yesterday at the Mo. meeting to hear Harrison Alderson expatiate on the words "Remember them who are in bonds as bound with them."

Before leaving this place, that singular personage Geo. Knight called on us with his son. GK occasionally preaches at the Hicksite meeting: thou wilt perhaps remember that he said of the Hicksite body when we saw him three years ago that there seemed more of *the sweet anointing* among them than among Friends. The women friends here who know thee, the Taylors especially, desire me to express the affection they feel for thee, and to send their love.

RICHMOND INDIANA 7th day morning.

We are now at Elijah Coffin's,¹⁰ and intend remaining here some days. The fine weather has passed away; the rains have set in; large fires and good clothing are beginning to be indispensable. I am well provided, and my cold is gone. Wm

¹⁰ Elijah Coffin came to Indiana from North Carolina in 1824. He was a distinguished businessman and devout Quaker. In his diary he made mention of the visit of the English Friends: "The Yearly Meeting of Friends, in London, having caused their address against slavery and the slave trade to be presented, through their deputations set apart for that purpose, to many of the governments of Europe; also to the government of Brazil, in South America; their present deputation consisting of Josiah Forster, William Forster, John Candler, and Wm. Holmes, have proceeded to the United States, to present the Address to our general government, at Washington City; and, also, to the state governments, severally, as they, in the progress of their work, may see it proper. They have been to Washington City and presented their address to the President; since that, they have presented it to the governors of Virginia, Ohio and Kentucky; and on their way to Indianapolis, to present it to the governor of Indiana, they arrived at Richmond, from Cincinnati, this evening. Josiah Forster and John Candler, made their home at my house, and William Forster and William Holmes, at Charles' [Coffin's son]." *The Life of Elijah Coffin; with a Reminiscence, by his son Charles F. Coffin*, edited by his daughter, Mary C. Johnson (E. Morgan & Sons, 1863), p. 116. For comments on Coffin see Bernhard Knollenberg, *Pioneer Sketches of the Upper Whitewater Valley Quaker Stronghold of the West (Indiana Historical Society Publications, XV, No. 1, Indianapolis, 1945)*, pp. 120-22.

Holmes is an excellent traveller, and very acceptable to the Americans: his manners and disposition are kind and agreeable: he seems to prefer everybody to himself: he is very serviceable to Wm Forster.

INDIANAPOLIS 10th Mo. 25th

On First day the 23rd we attended Richmond meeting, very large, more than 350 persons present. Wm Forster was largely engaged in testimony; most acceptably so. We took tea at Wm Bell's.¹¹ Yesterday we all went to the Yearly meeting's boarding school,¹² dined with a large company at Benjn Fulghum's,¹³ and passed the evening at the house of our beloved friend Nathan C. Hoag. Josiah and Wm Forster did not know N C Hoag before this visit to Richmond, but were much pleased with him and his wife, as well they might be. We are now passing away into provinces far remote, and I shall have no more messages of love to thee from well known friends, but I may now say once for all that when Friends have said to me "do remember me to thy wife" and I have asked inquiringly, dost thou remember my wife? such answers as these have been returned, "I do remember her with much affection," or "I shall not forget her as long as I live." So be comforted in knowing that many think of thee. I do like the outburst of a warm and generous nature: a fine looking country girl asked me if I had seen Benjn Seeböhm lately. I told her he had sent his love to as many as were willing to receive it: was she one of that number? "O my! that I am," was her reply, "he came to my fathers house to pay us a religious visit, and only staid two hours, but he got through his business so quick and so ready!

¹¹ William Bell (1797-1871) came to America from Ireland in 1842. He had edited the *Irish Friend* for five years. In Richmond he was active in the temperance and abolition movements. Andrew W. Young, *History of Wayne County, Indiana . . .* (Cincinnati, 1872), p. 411.

¹² Earlham College, founded in 1847 as Friends' Boarding School.

¹³ Benjamin Fulghum and his sisters Mildred and Piety were granted certificates from Contentnea Monthly Meeting in North Carolina to New Garden Monthly Meeting on March 11, 1826.

I never saw such a good man in all my life." B Seebohn is a special favorite with the Friends of Indiana.

This morning we left Richmond and came by a railway made through much of the forest to this young and vigorous city, the capital of the State. I have been talking with a surveyor who tells me that when he came here 32 years ago to lay out the land, the forest was so thick that he could scarcely see the sky for 50 miles round: it is now a city of twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants, with eight rail roads radiating from it as a centre, and has a State house worthy of a large province. Towns and cities spring up in this wonderful country like Jonah's gourd, and the facilities of inter-communication are becoming very great. The harvests of corn and fruit are already abundant and the land is loaded with plenty: the first settlers work very hard, the men on their farms, and women within doors; but then they get on rapidly in life and are soon able to plant their children on the soil around them. An old man—a Friend in this country was asked how many grand children he had: he replied, "I do not know how many grand-children, but I have fifty five great grand children!" The young people marry early and the country seems in no danger of wanting inhabitants. The legislature of this State have lately altered its constitution, which now forbids any colored person, not already naturalised, from ever settling in it!¹⁴

Last evening we were called for at our hotel by Robt Underhill the only member of our society, as the head of a family, in Indianapolis, and took us all in his carriage to spend the evening with him. This morning we met the Governor and had an hour's satisfactory interview with him. He told us that although he was a Colonisationist and looked to Africa as

¹⁴ The new Indiana Constitution, adopted in 1851, prohibited free Negroes from coming into the state. At the first meeting of the General Assembly following the adoption of the Constitution a law was passed requiring every Negro then in the state to register with the county clerk. In February, 1853, the Assembly passed a law prohibiting Indians and persons having one eighth or more of Negro blood to testify in cases in which a white person was a party.

the destined home of the colored race now in the United States, he fully concurred in the principles of our Address, and would present it to the Legislature. He vindicated the policy of Indiana in preventing the influx from other provinces of colored people into the State, accompanied as it is by an annual outlay of money to promote their emigration to Liberia. The Americans as a nation have very unsound views of what they ought to do and what to leave undone in regard to this momentous question of emigration. Liberia, however good as a colony, will never lead of itself to the abolition of slavery, or serve as a home for the slaves of the Southern states, if emancipated, and it is a perfect delusion to imagine that it ever can be so. The Governor of Indiana Joseph A Wright is a polite intelligent man: he pressed us on leaving to spend the evening with him at his private residence, which we gladly agreed to do. He invited Robert Underhill's family to join us in the visit. I forgot to mention that Robert Underhill is the father in law of Dr Updegraff,¹⁵ and of course the grandfather of the very lovely boy that we saw lying asleep on the sofa at Mt Pleasant in 1850

10 Mo 27 Our last evening's visit to Govr Wright was a memorable one. We supped at 6 o'clock, and among the good provisions was a dish of fricasied chicken, served with cranberry sauce—excellent. The governor *stood* at one end of the table, his sister at the other, and in the absence of servants and of all ceremony, politely waited on their Quaker guests, till all being supplied, they sat down themselves and partook of the banquet with them. Peaches and pears, preserved cranberries, and many sorts of bread and cake were bountifully supplied. After our evening meal was despatched we withdrew to the drawing room: an hour's animated conversation followed, and then a time of religious retirement, in which Wm Forster addressed the governor, who is a widower, and has lately lost his wife, in a strain of fervent christian regard, expressing a desire that all

¹⁵ Jonathan T. Updegraff was granted a certificate to Fairfield Monthly Meeting in Indiana to marry Phebe Underhill, September 22, 1846.

his sorrows might be sanctified to him, and that a blessing might attend him and his sister and son through time and to eternity. The company parted in feelings of regard and love to each other, and good has flowed from the visit. We had thought of going at once to Chicago, but Wm Forster feels his mind attracted to a settlement of Friends westward, so that we set out this afternoon, first of all, in that direction.

TERRE HAUTE 10 Mo. 27th

Here we are on the border of Illinois, in the Prairie country at a truly comfortable hotel. This place is distant from Indianapolis 73 miles, a rail road running through the forest, connecting the two cities. The rich and beautiful foliage that a few days since clothed the trees is going, or gone: the leaves touched by morning frosts, and beaten with rain, now strew the ground, and nature is no longer what it was. This is a wonderful country! Mackay makes the British isles to say to the United States

“We are the older, you the younger
“We are the man, and you the boy.”

It is very true that this country is younger than ours, but it grows so fast that the boy must soon be the man, and bids fair soon to be taller and stronger than its parent: his clothes get too small for him before they can be said to be worn out. Towns and villages, when first built, are formed of log houses or framed and boarded ones: in a few years new settlers congregate, and better and larger domiciles are required; the first erections come down and more substantial ones succeed. Every town is enlarging, and new streets as well as old ones are filled with bricks, boards, stone and mortar. The rail roads open the forest, new farms rise on every side, and everything bespeaks a giant growth! Indiana, a province only of half a century, now contains about a million inhabitants; and its governor assures us that there is not a spot of twenty acres together in any one part of its vast area that is unfit for cultivation! To day, for the first time, I have seen what is

called a Prairie : but as Illinois is covered with prairie land, and we are soon to travel through it, I shall give thee no description of it at present.

BLOOMFIELD¹⁶ WESTERN INDIANA 10 Mo 29th

Having engaged a covered carriage for W & J Forster, and a man to drive them, and a single horse chaise for Wm Holmes and myself, we left Terre Haute yesterday for an excursion to this part of the Indiana back woods : the day was chilly but clear and pleasant, and we enjoyed the ride. The distance for the day was 28 miles and it took us seven hours to perform it, as the road was muddy in some parts and corduroy in others : there was only one small village on the road and very few houses. We passed some apple orchards in which the trees were loaded with fine fruit, and large quantities of it lay wasting on the ground.

At sun down we reached the homestead of *Zachary Morris*, a backwoods farmer, unexpected by himself or any of his family : we asked him whether he could take us in, and our driver, lodge us all and give provender to our horses? He replied "Yes and welcome." His good wife was gone from home to assist at a *quilting* in the house of a colored neighbour, where a company of the new settlement women had gone for an afternoon to assist in making a new quilt, and to sup together. The daughter took us in and set about to prepare us an evening meal, for we had travelled without dinner, and the father of the family heaped logs on the keeping room fire, and gave us a good blaze. We supped at seven o'clock : after which, according to usual custom, the whole family came together to read the bible. An aged grandmother, 86 years old, was placed in an arm chair opposite the open fire place and the blazing wood : father, mother and seven children assembled round, and these together with ourselves and the driver made fifteen in company. At 9 o'clock we all retired to bed, first asking the usual question "At what hour do you breakfast?" "*We* breakfast," said our host, "at half past 5 o'clock, but if you would

¹⁶ Bloomingdale, originally called Bloomfield, in Parke County, Indiana.

like it sooner, we can get it ready!" We thanked him, told him *that* would be early enough for us, and requested to be called in the morning. Three good beds were prepared for us in one large room, and a fourth in a passage adjoining. We laid ourselves down, looked through the uncurtained windows at the beautiful stars and fell asleep. At a quarter to five our young friend Cornelius Morris marched in upon us to light our candles and announce the hour of rising: we went out of doors to wash, and then sat down to breakfast. Our hostess must have risen at 4 o'clock or earlier: for she had prepared us a sumptuous meal consisting of hot bread, boiled and fried potatoes sweet potatoes, cold roast pork, peach butter, preserves, coffee, milk and cream! added to all this was a flowing jug of sweet cider unfermented—an excellent drink, and to a thirsty man, delicious. We asked our host about his apple crop. He had gathered about 200 bushels and after giving away to his neighbours, had stored 175 bushels for family use. We were all greatly pleased with this hospitable family: the boys, a fine looking company help their father on the farm, so that he hires no laborers.

At 8 o'clock this morning, leaving my friends to follow, I set out alone afoot on the edge of the forest for Bloomfield, three miles further on in the country. Here we have attended the select Monthly meeting, and stay over to morrow in order to attend the usual meeting for worship. This settlement of Friends covers a country eight miles long and three miles broad, and comprises three meetings which contain in all about 600 members, as many as the whole Quarterly meeting of Essex. Thus ends my long history of a short journey, and my paper is filled, so that I can say no more at present. To morrow we set out for Illinois. Farewell. Accept my best love. Thine most affectionately.

J C.

1853

No 6. SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS 11th Month 3rd

MY VERY DEAR MARIA

On First day last we attended Bloomfield meeting and met there about 300 in number. Wm Forster was engaged in testimony much to the satisfaction of his friends. I went the previous evening to Andrew Tomlinson's—a young married man and a young minister, and much enjoyed his pious cheerful conversation: he came to that settlement four years ago, a poor boy, and commenced business as a blacksmith: he now has a frame work house of his own, well furnished, a little land adjoining, has a few dollars of ready money, and can hospitably entertain his friends: so rapid is the reward of industry in this remote country! Friends here have a Quarterly meeting school,¹⁷ attended by both sexes, who receive instruction under one roof, but board in private families, paying for board and lodging about \$1.50 cents or 6/6 pr week, or working out the cost by manual labor out of doors, or as helps and domestics within. On First day afternoon I left my kind host Barnabas Hobbs, a minister, at whose house I lodged, and set out alone on foot towards a friend's house five miles distant, expecting a carriage to overtake me. I missed my way, and near sunset got lost in the woods. Josiah Forster followed soon after, and lost his way as I did, but he found a guide who led him by a near track to the highway and got safely landed without much fatigue or loss of time. I knew that our course must be westward and so followed the sun, and on reaching the open road I found a young man driving a horse and gig coming in search of me, and so I also soon found a home at his father's house to my great comfort and joy. At this house we all lodged. The orchard of this friend was so full of apples that he did not know what to do with them, and his table so amply supplied with good things from his farm that we made a good supper and an excellent breakfast the next morning. The name of this good man is Solomon Allen.

¹⁷ Bloomingdale Academy, founded as Western Manual Labor School, in 1846.

We returned to Terre haute by a new road. These Indian-summer days are delightful: the mornings are frosty; a haze comes on as the sun advances, and gives the heavens a different appearance to anything we see in England, but leaves sufficient warmth to exhilarate, and cheer the spirits;—and then the colored tints of the woods are so rich and various that we can but rejoice in what we see and feel. Now and then comes a chequered day of rain and cold, and I miss my cloak, which I foolishly left behind me at New York, as thinking I should not need it in this region. I must buy myself a wrap of some sort in Illinois or Missouri.

JOURNEY THROUGH THE PRAIRIE LAND

On third day morning at 5 o'clock we left Terre haute in Indiana for a journey by coach of 156 miles to the capital of Illinois. We engaged an Extra, such as thou wilt remember that our party hired when travelling through the state of New York in 1841, taking the control of coach and driver: and admitting only such passengers as we chose to accommodate. These American coach masters have neither law nor reason, and it is a common saying in regard to the common stage vehicles that they never leave a passenger behind. If the coach is fitted up for nine persons inside, they often crowd in twelve, and load the top with eight or ten more; and if a female passenger asks to be taken in when it is crammed with passengers, some man who has a right to his seat must give way, and go outside. By *chartering* a coach as they call it, we avoid all these annoyances.

Soon after leaving the boundary line of Indiana, we entered the prairies of Illinois, which like Salisbury plain in England, the steppes of Russia and the pampas of South America, are vast grassy plains, without wood, stretching out to the horizon, peopled with game like the Scotch moorlands, and with deer running wild. Small villages are seen rising at great distances apart along the road side, and farm dwellings scattered on the wide expanse, few and far between. On one part of the road we observed fields of ungathered Indian corn, white from late

standing, and resembling from their boundless extent under the influence of light breezes a gently ruffled ocean. We changed our four horses and driver at stations fourteen miles apart: sometimes a wood of small trees interrupted our progress, and the road ran through neglected stumps and over bridges of corduroy: our rate of travel was 4 1/2 miles an hour. As the evening of our first days journey drew on we heard the exclamation *of the prairie on fire!* Looking out in the dark from our closed coach windows, we saw at a supposed distance of about ten miles, a river of fire, in some places narrow, in others broad, running along the country, many miles in length, and illuminating the heavens with beautiful light clouds of fiery smoke, curling up from the burning pastures. I thought of Sodom and Gomorrah, and imagined that they must have looked much the same when viewed at a distance on the plains of Zoar. At ten o'clock we changed horses at a farm house the owner of which, having dreaded the approach of the flames had gone out, as he told us afterwards, *to fight the fire.* He and another man had set to work to plough up the pasture near his homestead, so as to leave no dry grass for the fire to kindle upon. As we journeyed in the night we observed the land on fire in many places, once within a quarter of a mile of us, but rain came on and quenched it.

At 6 o'clock in the morning, after travelling 25 hours without rest, we came to a poor farm house and procured breakfast. The family had just risen from bed: a dirty unshaved man procured us water to wash with, and his wife placed before us on a not very clean table, some fat pork chops, hot bread and preserved peaches, with milk, butter and sweet cider. After a long second days travel, we reached Springfield, the capital of this large State, in the dark night, glad to find a good hotel—that is, good for this part of the world, and bed rooms with a fire in each of them. A good nights rest has banished all our fatigue: we are all well: the day is bright, and we rest from our travels till to morrow. It was a good thing for us that we hired an Extra: if we had taken the stage, we

should have been tortured. Dost thou not remember when we came to Clairsville in Ohio, near Mt. Pleasant, that the landlord insisted on putting in four new passengers when we were already so crowded that we had no room to sit, and that we threw up our places, and quitted the coach? And dost thou not remember our awful crowding from Paris to Brussels in our 36 hours continuous ride? Happily for us, our travelling for a long time to come will now be on the railways and by steam boat.

11th Month 4th When we were in Trinidad, four years ago, we found some of the poor Portuguese protestants who had fled from the persecutions in Madeira. About 1200 of these worthy people came out to the West Indies, half of whom had then left and sailed for America to settle themselves in Illinois.¹⁸ Of these emigrants, and others who have since joined them, we find about 300 in this city. Our hearts have turned towards them as a religious people, who bear an excellent character, and are very industrious. Last evening we went to their prayer meeting: on entering the large room where they meet for divine worship we found one of them knelt in prayer, the rest standing up: it looked like a meeting of our own friends. When the prayer was over, the congregation still standing, we were invited as strangers to a raised seat in front of them: a hymn in Portuguese was then sung, and after that a chapter of the New testament was read. One of the deacons then told us that if we had anything to say, they should be glad to hear us. A short silence ensued. Wm Forster in the fulness of his heart and of Xian love addressed them: the deacon afterwards rehearsed in Portuguese the substance of his sermon. When he sat down I informed the company of our having met some of them in Trinidad and of the christian interest I felt both at that time, and since, in their welfare, and encouraged them to hold on as a protestant people in the soundness of faith. Josiah Forster added a few words: Wm

¹⁸ See George Rawlings Poage, "The Coming of the Portuguese," in *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, XVIII (1925), 101-35.

Forster then prayed for them and all of us. It proved a very interesting and relieving time to us; and when the meeting ended they pressed forward, men, women and children, with joy to shake hands with us and to thank us for coming to see them. About 120 persons were present. One good woman said that she remembered me in Trinidad and our visit to the Baptist chapel at Port of Spain; another told me she had been a servant in the family of ——Law, the baptist minister. All the Portuguese in this part of Illinois are said to be doing well: about 400 of them live at Jacksonville, thirty miles off: the remainder here. William Forster is deeply interested about them, and seems to see a leading of Divine Providence in bringing us to this place.

Thy truly welcome letter is just come to hand, and one from Sister E C: many thanks to you both for the varied information they contain. To persons like ourselves, 5000 miles from home, intelligence of home and our friends is grateful indeed, and earnestly looked for. The currency of this country is in a very unsatisfactory state: gold is plentiful— California makes it so: silver is scarce and dear; dollar notes are plentiful, but they are only current in the States which issue them, and when we want silver in change, nobody likes to give it. The American mint has lately reduced the weight of its silver coins, but notwithstanding this, the bankers charge us a premium of 5 pr cent to obtain it. I forgot to tell thee that in this western region deer are so abundant that the commonest hotels serve venison every day, and squirrels, which are good food, infest the woods in such numbers that a friend in Indiana told me he had shot 180 of them in two days to prevent their destroying his corn! The prairie hen is about as large as a pheasant: we saw two covies of them feeding in the grass: opossums are shot here and brought to table: wolves still abound in the forest, and rattle snakes, when torpid, have been killed, they tell us, a bushel at a time! A poor man on turning up a stone was lately bit by one of these animals which inflicted the wound on his jugular vein: he died, it is said, in three minutes!

11th Mo. 5th We took our places by the railway cars to come forward, as we supposed without impediment, to Joliet—180 miles, but we had many vicissitudes by the way. The Americans are so eager to open new lines of railway that they advertise communications of this kind as complete, and leave them at the same time miserably imperfect. Our first stage of the journey brought us to near Bloomington—60 miles, where two railways intersect each other. Instead of finding, as we expected, a place of shelter, all the passengers were ordered to descend, and the baggage was turned out and left in the open road to await the arrival of a new train: fires, it is true, were kindled by the road side, but had the evening been rainy, our situation would have been dismal. Happily we escaped in the confusion without the loss of a single article, and without catching cold. At the end of a second 60 miles, we came to the river Illinois, a broad, deep, and when full, a rapid stream, over which it was needful to pass. A very steep inclined plane had been prepared from the hill side to the bank of the river, down which we passed by machinery on an open waggon, undefended on the sides. A voice was heard, and the command given, "Balance yourselves Gentlemen," and there we stood, a dense company, going down an awful declivity in a dark night, forced to suit our bodies to the sort of road we traversed. Wm Forster closed his eyes to prevent trembling: I kept mine open and thought our situation a perilous one: Josiah Forster stood in fear: but we reached the shore without accident. Here a new difficulty arose: the ferry boat was covered by a raft left open like the waggon, and we stood, crowded as before, in danger of falling into the stream. This difficulty surmounted, another presented itself. The town of La Salle is about a mile and a quarter from the Illinois river: several waggons came down for the passengers, but they were too few to accommodate all, so that many of us had to walk. Imagine me with a heavy carpet bag in my hand, a blanket on my shoulder, and loaded with a bundle of wraps confided to my care, trudging at midnight over a ruddy road, following a distant dim lantern which I could

not keep up with! I was grievously weary, but before I reached the station, a car came back to meet the stragglers, and gathered me up among the rest. Here our sorrow ended. Beds were spread on the floor of a room, and I was fortunate enough to secure one for myself alone. At the end of another 60 miles we came to Joliet where the Governor of the State Joel A Matteson resides. This morning we had an interview with him, and were well received: we read our Address to him, and entered into free communication with him on the subject of slavery and the position of Illinois in regard to it: he admitted the correctness of our views, and promised to lay our memorial before the State legislature at its next session; but like most other men in authority in this country, he seems willing to bow to expediency. We trust however that the earnest manner in which Wm and Josiah Forster pleaded the rights of the slave will yet be attended by some good.

Our work being finished in this place, we next proceeded to Chicago. Again in our travels last night we saw the grand prairie on fire: the flames kindled the dry grass and rushed on sublimely: several farm houses were in the direction of the torrent, and unless defended by circumvallation, as we supposed they were, seemed destined to be devoured. I love these sights of fire on a wide plain which has no limit but the horizon. The common people of these parts are a poor specimen of human nature—coarse, rude and profane, and we have often to reprove them.

CHICAGO ON LAKE MICHIGAN 11th Month 6th

Very uncertain is rail road travelling in this western region: the train left for Chicago at 4 o'clock yesterday: in one hour with an asthmatic engine we reached the first station, seventeen miles, and here we waited five hours, as the road was impassable. A train which should have passed us was thrown off the track by running over five stray oxen, and as the line is single we were compelled to wait till the damage was repaired. On setting off to finish the journey our engine grew restive, and

at every few miles kept saying "I can't go further, I must stop"; and so instead of reaching this city at 6 o'clock P.M., we did not arrive till one in the morning. Our detention took place on one of the great prairies: the night was cold; each railway carriage had a good stove fire and many of the passengers fell asleep.

This young and great city of Chicago is called the Queen of the lakes, as Cincinnati is termed the Queen of the West. Both of these emporiums deserve honor as towns of trade and commerce, but neither of them merits a queenly crown: they are the resort and residence of store keepers and cattle and corn dealers, redolent of dollars and cents: the people in them live for the common world, and apparently for little else. It is very surprising however to see what the love of money can do: villages turn into towns in this land, and towns become great cities in a very short time. Our company at the dinner table today numbered nearly 200 persons: forty servants waited on the guests, and all was done with regularity and despatch. When the first course was removed, four waiters walked round each table; one deposited a plate, one a knife, one a silver fork, and one a spoon to each guest: all the waiters then came in together, following each other, with puddings, pies and iced creams in abundance, and a plentiful dessert. Dinners like these, served in England, are costly: here we pay only half a dollar a head. The worst of it is the Stage and railway taverns by the road side give very inferior diet, and charge the same price.

I finish this letter now, as the packet leaves New York on the 9th instant. I think of thee continually, and shall be very glad when the time comes for looking homeward, but this time is at present far distant: we have yet much to do and far to travel. I cannot say what course we take from this place, but we shall soon turn our faces southward, and visit the Slave states in succession. Our First day meeting for worship in this place was held at the hotel, and three friends, strangers in the city, travelling through the province, joined us to our comfort. Thine truly and affectionately

J C.

No 7. MADISON WISCONSIN 11th Mo 11th 1853
MY BELOVED MARIA

Little did I suppose four years ago that I should ever address thee from the extremest North Western State of North America, just under the great lake Superior, but so it is! On 3rd day morning last we left Chicago for this province in search of its governor. The journey began to us prosperously so that we hoped all would continue to run smooth, but human hopes are flattering, and often end in disappointment. Our first stage by railway—92 miles brought us to the town of Rockford, from which to Madison, the capital, is 72 miles, over the newly made roads of the country. We engaged a coach to carry us, and to travel by it all night: our baggage was heavy, and about a mile from the town we broke down—a mercy we were not overturned and bruised: the driver, a rude man, took down all the trunks and piled them up by the road side, telling us to wait till he should return with another conveyance. We could not help ourselves: so we walked up and down in the rain, or sought shelter under the trees till our polite driver came back. He brought with him a small covered wagon open in the front, squeezed us, and our baggage into it, and drove off. He intended to convey us in this vehicle 32 miles: we travelled in it as far as to Beloit, 14 miles, subject to pressure cold and rain, and then, finding it impossible to go farther, we stopped, and remained through the night at a low country tavern. The stage agent expressed his regret at the accident, and promised us better accommodation on the morrow. Tomorrow came and with it a smaller open carriage than before: again squeezed, we reached Janesville, 18 miles farther, a good town in Wisconsin, at 11 o'clock AM, where to our joy a new agent procured us a good coach to carry us to Madison. How long dost thou suppose it took us to perform the last 42 miles: Just 12 hours, that is 3 1/2 miles an hour! we arrived at midnight. Poor Wm Forster bore his sorrows very meekly and so did Josiah, but the evening was very cold and the ground hard with frost, so that our feet stood in need of a good fire to restore

the circulation. At the hotel at Madison we found every comfort; supper was prepared for us, fires were lighted in our bed rooms, and we went to rest and slept soundly. So much for disquietude: now for enjoyments and satisfaction.

The governor of Wisconsin Leonard J Farwell is an intelligent wealthy man, who has travelled much: he resides in Madison but has a country house in a part of the forest, seven miles off, which overlooks one of the four beautiful small lakes of this promising district. He was at that time in the country, so that we hired a carriage and pair of horses, and drove to his villa. Wm Holmes had found here a fellow townsman of his from Alton, who put his own horse into harness and went on with us, taking Wm Holmes in company. The governor's house is built on a spot of ground, which was once an Indian cemetery, and is still surrounded by tumuli of a departed race. On our way we stopped at a large corn mill which belongs to him to look at two black bears lately caught in the woods, which he preserved alive on the demesne, as shewing how short a time since the province he governs was rescued from the wilderness. We found him at home, just returned from hunting: he received us politely listened to our memorial, and entered freely into conversation with us. Slavery, he said, was an enormous evil, and when in Italy, and other parts of Europe, the subject had been so often brought before him as a reproach to his country that he felt resolved on his return to America to do his best to get it removed: his fellow citizens had elected him Governor, and in his first message to the Legislature he urged that body to memorialise Congress on the subject, and to petition, as a preliminary measure, for the repeal of the Fugitive slave law. He entered so heartily into our views that we have no doubt of his continuing to exert his influence for good in the great cause of emancipation.

11th Month 12th We took our evening meal at the house of Wm Holmes' friend Turvill, and were handsomely entertained by him and his wife and daughters: they gave us among other good things preserved plums and cranberries which they

had gathered wild, and tarts made of wild gooseberries, also excellent. The lakes abound in pike and other large fish: wild ducks are so abundant that the inhabitants grow tired of eating them, and prairie hens are shot for game. This is really a fine province, and *Madison*, its capital city, only 16 years old, is a handsome town of three or four thousand people, laid out for broad streets which begin already to be filled up with good houses. The public buildings, all handsome, are a State-house a Court-house and a University college. The people of Wisconsin have abolished Capital punishment, they encourage elementary education, and at their State election, yet scarcely over, have resolved, it is believed, to adopt the Maine liquor law!¹⁹ We admire this young city and like its inhabitants. Frederika Bremer, in her "Homes of the new world," speaks of Wisconsin and of Madison in particular with admiration: they well deserve her eulogy.²⁰ We are so far to the North West as to be within a few miles of the spring-head of the mighty Mississippi. I shall probably never see such a distant land again. Wm Forster feels constrained to hold a Public meeting for worship here this evening in the Independent meeting house.

JANESVILLE, FIRST DAY AFTERNOON

We have had a meeting for worship this morning in Wm Forster's bed room. I never write a letter of friendship on a First day when at home if I can avoid it, but our present circumstances plead my excuse. The tavern in which we pass the day affords us no private sitting room, and the company

¹⁹ Candler was too optimistic about the success of the temperance movement in Wisconsin as he had been in Ohio, though the movement in Wisconsin came nearer to winning its goal. The results of the November election as far as prohibition was concerned were contradictory. The temperance candidates were defeated, but a referendum on the question showed 27,000 for and 24,000 against prohibition. No temperance law was passed by the next legislature. In 1855 a bill did pass, but was vetoed by Governor Bristow, a Democrat. Francis Raney, *Wisconsin. A Story of Progress* (New York, 1940), 144.

²⁰ Frederika Bremer, *The Homes of the New World . . .*, translated by Mary Hewitt (2 volumes. New York, 1853), II, 627 ff.

gathered in the common room is too unrefined to admit of any profitable intercourse with them. I therefore retire to my own bed room to take up my pen to talk a little with thee. We are 92° of latitude apart, making a distance in time of six hours. In thinking of thee and home I make allowance as to time for what you are doing, but my thoughts have been turned towards you as meeting together for public worship, and as sitting by your own fire sides.

After breakfast this morning, it being an Indian summer day, bland and lovely, I set out alone for a solitary walk in the prairie, and enjoyed it religiously: prayer and thanksgiving were my portion as I thought of you, and meditated on the object of our mission to this remote land.²¹ In Wisconsin prairie grounds are numerous, but they run between woodlands: they are less in vastness than the prairies of Illinois, but more grateful to the eye. These lands are favorite locations to emigrants, and many are the settlers who hasten to buy them up, and preoccupy them. Wisconsin, thirteen years ago contained only 30,000 inhabitants: it now contains nearly or quite 400,000, and goes on rapidly increasing: its growth as a State is more giant-like than that of any other State of the Union. So far as we know not a single Public meeting for divine worship has been appointed by any minister of the Society of Friends till Wm Forster convened the one at Madison, and no "friends" remain as yet settled in the province: some came to it a few years ago, but are gone further westward. Iowa appears to be the Goshen of Friend-settlers; and of these in that still more distant land there are already many thousands. I suppose the Americans will go on settling

²¹ In the original letter Candler added at this point, "If I have not yet given thee a correct idea of what a prairie really is, only imagine the flat surface of Salisbury plain to be spread out to an almost immeasurable extent, clothed in summer with grapes and wild flowers, growing three or four feet high, and dwindling to the short and dry as winter approaches. Such is what is called *the grand prairie* of Illinois: in Wisconsin and Iowa, prairie grounds are numerous, but they run between woodlands, and are bounded by them: they are less in vastness, but more grateful to the eye."

the wilderness till they reach California. We often see the waggons of immigrants moving along the road, and the families they convey encamped by the road side in the day time, or sitting by blazing fires at night in the forest: whole households move together, men women and young children: if they come to a spot that pleases them, they stop there, cut down trees, build a rude log house, put in their furniture and cooking utensils, buy the section of land, and enter on a new life. They bring with them a sack or two of meal, and depend on their guns for wild meat till their corn grows and they can get a few hogs and some cattle: their children, denizens of the woods, grow up wild and rude; but as the country becomes more peopled and neighbours increase they improve in civilisation. The United States and Canada will soon possess as fine a population as the world produces, if they will only allow Christianity to take deep root within their borders, and bear its promised fruits. Slavery must be abolished in the South, and prejudice against the color of the skin eradicated: we may then hope in this hemisphere for a bright and blessed day.

ST LOUIS MISSOURI 11th Mo. 16th

Late last night we made the port of Alton in Western Illinois, and this morning early were steaming on the Mississippi. *Alton* stands on a bluff 24 miles north of St Louis, and to reach the latter city, we pass the mouth of the Missouri river, which unites the vast volume of its waters with the mighty Mississippi. At 3 o'clock this morning, by moonlight I stood on the deck of our steamship and gazed on the grand spectacle. The Missouri pours out a turbid flood, and stains the bosom of the father of rivers to a great distance towards St Louis, which is the capital of the State, but is not, I am sorry to say, the seat of government. The Governor resides at Jefferson in the interior, 130 miles off, and thus necessitates to us another long journey by land to meet him. We had thought of making a *detour* through Iowa, but the difficulties of doing so seemed overwhelming; so that we agreed to send our memorial to its

governor rather than present it in person. *Iowa* is a free state: *Missouri* is a slave state; and we conclude that if we must omit some one or two of the distant provinces, it should be those where slavery is unknown.

There is a great commotion just now in one part of Missouri in consequence of eleven slaves having run away in a body, and taken the advantage of the "underground railway" to escape. In going among a people so exasperated as these slave-owners are we need both wisdom and discretion. I have just read in a newspaper an account of a cruel slave master in Virginia having beaten a slave to death for merely running off to avoid a flogging which he had done nothing to deserve! When will the oppressor cease from the land, and the oppressed go free? I mourn over the guilt of this guilty nation. What sacrifice too great to make, if we can only be instrumental, in ever so remote a degree, of lessening such enormities as these? Travelling, as we often are compelled to do over bad roads by night and by day, we feel it to be a sacrifice: and especially is it so to Josiah & Wm Forster. We are glad however to observe that the drivers of the stages and the tavern waiters, independent and rude as they are generally, seem to have respect to age: they take Wm Forster to be much older than he is and are sometimes really attentive to him, calling him Father and Grandfather, which are considered as appellations of great respect.

11th Mo. 17th The stage agent had agreed to send us forward by rail road forty miles, and by stage 90 miles further due west to Jefferson. The omnibus sent to bring us to the station arrived, no fault of ours, two minutes too late, and here we are back again to the hotel to spend another long day. The inconvenience and delays of travelling in America are so great as often quite to discourage us. We have been hitherto mercifully preserved from dangers on the road, although we have heard of accidents to others. The coach roads are in many places very bad, and railway collisions frequently occur. The road on which we travel to morrow is the beginning of the great Pacific railway which is to stretch 2000 miles across the

wilderness, and through the rocky mountains to California. When we reach *Jefferson* we shall be nearly mid-way between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans: at this point our journies westward terminate, and we turn to the South. What a mighty continent this is, and what wonderful progress does it make! The Indians keep melting away and retreating, and the white man keeps driving them ocean-ward till they will soon have no land they can call their own. The elks, the buffaloes and the bears recede at the sound of the woodman's axe, and the whole face of what a few years since was a country wholly unknown, and a mystery, comes to be covered with good habitations and well cultivated farms: in the physical world crooked things become strait and rough places smooth.

I wish we could say of morals and religion the same thing. This however is far from being the case. In these remote settlements, and in the Southern States the remorseless passions seem kept in ceaseless activity: almost every daily newspaper gives a murder or two perpetrated somewhere: twice since we landed have we seen five atrocious murders recited at the same time in a single column! A few days since on board a steam boat on the Mississippi river a young Kentuckian in a slight quarrel took out a revolver, discharged six bullets, and shot three men and a woman to death in a few seconds of time! About a week since, the son of a slave owner, having received some slight corporal punishment at school, went home, fetched a pistol, returned and shot his tutor dead! Scenes such as these are common in this land. The Judge of one of the courts of California told us that the gold hunting white Americans of that region kill one another for next to no offense at all, and that a pistol had been pointed at him, as a judge, whilst sitting on the bench to administer justice!

The city of St Louis where we now are has grown so large as to contain 100,000 inhabitants: the bank of the river is lined in deep water for about a mile in length with leviathan steam boats ready to depart for distant parts. All our party to the present date are well. The weather fluctuates: one day is cold

and frosty; another has all the balm of an Indian summer, with the thermometer at 60° or 65°. To day we are warm and sit with the window open. The woods have lost their splendid foliage and now reflect only a dull dark brown. Our lot is very far from "Friends," and is likely to be so for many weeks to come, but we endeavour to cheer up, and hope to see home—our own loved English home, at no very distant date. We read in the papers that war continues to be imminent between the Turks and Russians; that bread is getting dear in England; that riots take place in Lancashire; and that the cholera gains ground in London and some other places. Commending thee, my love, to the gracious care of the good sheperd who laid down his life for the sheep, and who cares for thee and for all of us.

I remain, as ever, Thy loving husband

J C.

No. 8. JEFFERSON MISSOURI 11th Month 22nd 1853
MY BELOVED MARIA

Perplexities and toils of travel. On 6th day last we left St Louis by the rail road and came to Franklin, forty miles, where we took seats in the stage, and in four hours and a half—sixteen miles further on, we reached *Union*. We had paid our fare to Jefferson to travel night and day without stopping. On arriving at Union we found the driver whose turn it was to conduct us forward so completely drunk that we could not with safety to life or limb trust ourselves to his care, especially in the dark. One of these drivers a few months since had turned the coach over in a fit of intoxication, and killed himself. We all refused to go forward, took out our baggage and sent the stage on without us.

An American country tavern is a very incommodious domicile to travellers who have any refinement of manners, but having no remedy we made the best of our situation. Wm Forster procured a small bed room for himself, and the other three of us were placed in a three bedded room together. Taking advantage of our compulsory stay, when morning came, we

took walks in the country. I directed my steps to a farm house, and seeing the owner near one of his slaves who was at work, I went up to him, told him I was a stranger, and should be glad to obtain some information about that part of the province. He asked me to walk into his house and take a seat. He proved to be a large land owner, an elder and preacher among the presbyterians. Our conversation soon turned upon slavery, which he attempted to prove a christian institution, and spoke of his own slaves as being remarkably well treated. We debated the matter calmly for an hour: he admitted himself at last to be wrong: "slavery *was wrong in the abstract*, but as God permitted it for some wise purpose to exist, we must wait till He should put an end to it." I told him that slave-owners had nothing to wait for: if they thought the system a bad one, they should at once abandon it, by giving their slaves freedom, and treating them as members of the same human family as themselves. He asked me if I was a minister? Would I preach a sermon to them to morrow? I thought if I mentioned it to Wm Forster, he might feel disposed to appoint a public meeting, as he had before done in Wisconsin. In the evening the slave owner came to the tavern to call on us. "Would we consent to preach to them? they should be very glad to hear us." Josiah Forster explained our views about the ministry; and as no religious warrant was felt to convene a meeting, the subject dropped.

J F and myself called at the house of another slave owner and spoke with the mistress of the family, some of whose slaves we saw. She said frankly "I love slavery. I was born in Virginia, and was *raised* amongst slaves." We gave her a word and parted. On First day last, being still detained at Union, we held our usual meeting for worship together, and spent our time otherwise in religious reading and walking abroad. I was glad to see the poor slaves were not compelled to work on the First day of the week: many, decently dressed, came to the village—some to go to church, some to loiter and talk.

As the evening drew on the stage made its appearance, and with it an agent despatched by the proprietors to express regret

at our long delay, and to help us on. Wm Forster was now unwell; too unwell to proceed: so it was agreed that he and Wm Holmes should return the next morning to St. Louis, and that Josiah Forster and I should continue the journey to Jefferson to visit the governor. At 6 o'clock [PM] we left Union, not now in a coach, but in a light covered waggon drawn by four horses, and although we had but 80 miles to go, such were the roads, and so difficult to traverse, that it took us 25 1/2 hours to perform the journey! What a cheerless night we passed! Truly glad we were that only two of us encountered its inconveniences, and that two were spared. Missouri is a large province, some parts of it well peopled, others not so. Our road lay through an uncultivated portion, and showers of rain had recently fallen. The horses, walking over stumps of trees and through rocky hills, dragged us slowly along, and we had three rivers to cross. Our joltings were like those of the Gutters' hill in Jamaica, where we were compelled to leave the carriage and walk, to avoid bruised or broken bones. Early in the morning we breakfasted at a hovel with our two stage drivers: this class of men are mostly profane and dirty, so that we had no reason to be proud of our company. During the day we passed through one continual primeval forest, with but few openings for a human habitation: the hills were lofty and well wooded, and the ravines deep. The Osage river runs into the Mississippi: from one high bluff that flanks it, we looked over a wide extent of country covered with forest almost every where, and could only trace at distant intervals the broad river running below us. Leaving our stage waggon, we all walked down the steep [hill] that leads to the ferry boat. I could but admire the solemn stillness of the hills, the river and the bold promontories where the Osage Indians formerly planted their wigwams: every thing around us looked Indian-like, and carried me back in imagination to long past days when canoes filled with warriors glided on the mighty stream. The Osage river at this spot is as broad as the Thames at London bridge. We also crossed the Gasconade and Moro

ivers, and reached *Jefferson* at 8 o'clock P.M., weary and glad of a resting place.

Here is a good hotel on the right bank of the Missouri river, which at this place, 150 miles from its junction with the Mississippi, is nearly a mile broad. As I am writing, a leviathan steam boat, filled with passengers comes up to the wharf below us, and on discharging part of its cargo, proceeds to St Joseph, 380 miles further on. Everything in nature is great in this land.

Our object in coming here was to see the Governor to plead for the slave. We found him this morning at the State-house, and as we wished for a private interview he conducted us to his dwelling house, his name is *Sterling Price*: he is a slave owner, and a strong proslavery advocate. He listened to us patiently, allowed us to read the Address to him, and made no observation on it till we had got through: his countenance betrayed uneasiness: he had been touched to the quick; but resolved on self possession he began to justify slavery and his own participation in it, urging the common place topics of the good treatment of slaves by their masters, and the exaggerations of the Northern abolitionists. Able divines, he said, justified slavery as a divine institution, and he could give us a sermon lately preached in Kentucky which proved that it was so: the arguments contained in it were unanswerable. I must do Josiah Forster the justice to say, that he treated the matter admirably, and pleaded the cause of the poor slave with great ability. The governor, on parting with us, gave us his hand with seeming candour, wishing us at the same time to remember that to speak openly against slavery had a tendency to excite the public mind and was forbidden by law. We are engaged really and truly in this State, in bearding the lion in his lair, but we trust in the God of Daniel to preserve us from harm. What we see of slavery and of its effect on public morals makes us sick at heart. Nebraska, a newly inhabited portion of the western wilderness is about to become a territory, and is likely, as well as Kansas to renew the agitation of the slavery question

in Congress. The more agitation the better: the question can never rest, till slavery is abolished.

ST LOUIS 11th Mo. 26th

The governor of Missouri, who seemed to be friendly when we left him, evinced a very different spirit soon after: he girded on his proslavery sword, only appearing to regret that he had not shewn hostility before. Late at night, after we had retired to rest, he rudely returned the copy of our Address, together with a copy of Jno Woolman's journal which J F had given him, accompanied by an angry letter, which, if he should publish it, would be very likely to stir up Lynch law against us. The conduct of some official persons however has been very different: Kentucky is a slave state: the Governor's secretary is now here at St. Louis: he said to Wm Forster, "We have not yet taken action on the papers you left us: I think you had better come again." So we have some things to cast us down and some to encourage us.

11th Month 28th

Still at this dark slavery loving capital, detained by the non sailing of a New Orleans steam boat. We might have sailed earlier, but some of the steamers are so un-river worthy, and the commanders so reckless that we prefer waiting for the safest and best. On seventh day morning we breakfast at the house of Henry Stagg, who married a young friend of Cincinnati whose relations we know: two of our company had also spent a day and night in the country with Chas Runnals a lawyer, who also married a friend. Yesterday these parties, attended by a merchant of the city, who was once a member of the society, and by two gentlemen, connexions of theirs, and a widow woman who is still a member, came to us at our hotel to attend our meeting for worship. Wm Forster was engaged both in ministry and prayer. All these individuals are kindly attentive to us and do what they can to help us. There is *some* good still left in this large city of 110,000 inhabitants, though we fear but little: it is said to contain an immoral population.

Although to continue here so long without being able to get away is very trying to our patience, we have the satisfaction of being at a good hotel: we are allowed a fire in our bed rooms, and sit down at an abundant table every day with about 120 other persons, and are attended upon by thirty young men waiters. I have noticed at table many very good looking American women, wives and daughters of the guests, and am pleased with the general refinement of the company. Herds of deer are so numerous in Missouri that venison abounds, and prairie hens and grouse add to the delicacies provided for the public table. Although careful not to introduce the subject of slavery in common discourse, knowing how inflammable the people are, we are sometimes provoked into it, or rather challenged to the combat, and hitherto have been favored to perform our duty in this respect with a good conscience, and so far as we know without losing the good will of any one.

Do not suppose, my dear Maria, that our work in this land will terminate with the present year: we are now on the threshold of important engagements: our visit to the Southern slave states is not yet begun. I do not apprehend personal danger, which some of our American friends seem to foresee for us, but we look for discouragements and trials. On leaving this place we proceed to Jackson in Mississippi, and have there to encounter General Foote,²² its governor, who was a senator in Congress when we were at Washington in 1850, and drew out his pistol in the Senate and pointed it at the breast of Colonel Benton who was something less pro-slavery than himself! One of the party who attended our meeting yesterday knows him well, and promises to bring us a letter of introduction to "His Excellency," for so they denominate Governors of States good and bad alike. There is a power above that can subdue the passionate, and this power, we trust, will be our bulwark.

AFLOAT ON THE MISSISSIPPI 11th Mo. 30th

This morning at 11 o'clock we loosed from our moorings and are now once again afloat on the great river. The upper

²² Gen. Henry Stuart Foote.

Mississippi is that part of the stream which rising northward from its source, flows down to the mouth of the Ohio, and is navigable for 1800 miles: the lower Mississippi begins at the junction of the Ohio and runs down 1000 miles further to the gulf of Mexico. We are now between St Louis and Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio. The bank on the Missouri side is in many places steep and rocky, covered with wood, and has some commanding bluffs: the bank of the Illinois side is mostly low but covered with timber to the water's edge. Our cabin passengers are 83 in number, eight of whom are women, some of them young mothers, with infants. The deck passengers are numerous and lodge under cover below the cabin, flanked on both sides by horses, mules and cattle, of which altogether we have more than a hundred on board. A sad tale remains to be told. In a hold near the great chimney are cooped up seven slaves—three men, two women, a girl and a boy, all on their way to be sold at New Orleans. I take opportunity by stealth to converse with one of the men, who is a mulatto, perhaps the very son of the planter who sends him to be sold. He tells me that one of the women is just separated from her husband and child. On my saying to him with pity "I wish you well!" he said with a sad look, "Thank you Sir." The clerk of the steamboat says that they are constantly taking slaves to the South for sale, and often *large droves of them*.

12th Mo. 1st

The boat made only 60 miles yesterday: at sunset it stopped at St Genevieve and laid by for the night, as the captain dare not pass the shoals of this part of the river in the dark, as the water is low—At 9 o'clock this morning we stopped at Chester in Illinois to take in a cargo of flour and are again in progress. The weather is fine, somewhat chilly, but the sun shines and our voyage is pleasant. For many miles together we trace no human habitation: now and then an opening in the forest is seen where a hut is planted and large stacks of wood stand

ready as fuel for the steamers. Our berths were engaged and our fares paid as far as to Vicksburg, 800 miles from St Louis, but as we learn that the yellow fever has reappeared at that place we are induced to pause and consider what to do. Foreigners are especially cautioned to avoid localities where the epidemic is known to exist.

12th Mo. 2nd

After passing many huge steamboats on their way up the river, we came to a mooring at Girardeau and again laid by for the night. The river just now is so low that the larger boats find it needful to sound the channel as they go along, so that we often hear the sounds, so well known to us at sea of *nine and a half, a quarter less twelve*, and of other measurements indicating the depth. We have passed one large steamboat on a sand bank, and pitied the poor passengers imprisoned there: not far from it was the wreck of another half sunk, that was struck by a *snag* about ten weeks ago and is now stripped of its appliances and left to rot. Soon after sunset at our landing place it became very dark and we had the novel sight of taking in wood by torch light. A fire was kindled on the bluff and made to blaze brightly, and another large fire in an expanded iron grating was fed by candle-wood on board the steamer. Between these two fires of light a troop of laborers descended from the high bank bearing logs of wood from the piles on shore. It was a scene worthy the pencil of a Rembrandt. These boats consume an immensity of fire wood, and cheap as it is, it costs the captain of our steamer \$500 dollars a trip between St Louis and New Orleans!

We live well on board these boats: my favorite food for breakfast is hot buck-wheat cake with syrup, or Indian corn cake buttered, and a cup of good coffee with a draught of new milk. We are now near Cairo at the confluence of the Ohio and the Mississippi, both rivers being about a mile abroad, and now forming one immense stream. Never, I hope, shall I see such a sight again, because once more leaving the Western

world, I hope never to see it again. Give me only my dear home in England, and my best friend to share it with me, and Ohio, and Mississippi, and Susquehanna, and Delaware, all farewell! This evening in Kentucky we have taken in a cargo of 500 live turkeys, and thousands of live fowls; in Illinois we received four fat bucks and a doe, which cost only \$5 a piece. Indian corn and tobacco are leading articles of freight. A planter, I take him to be, is just come on board with ten of his slaves, who are going with him south. I said to one of the Missouri captives "It is a wicked thing to transport and sell you in this manner." "Yes," he replied, "it is: they treat us like horses and mules: they separate us from our wives and children: we do not charge it upon God; but it must come to an end." Poor slaves! my heart mourns over you, and my Spirit prays for you. Farewell, my beloved one: truly glad shall I be when the time comes to meet thee again. Love to you all. Thine with much affection

J C.

No 9.

STILL ON THE RIVER 12 Mo. 6th 1853

In my last letter posted at Memphis in Tennessee, I told thee we were uncertain where we should stop on our voyage south. The yellow fever seems almost to have disappeared, so that we now resolve to pursue our course onward to Baton Rouge, the state town of Louisiana, and our lowest intended point towards the gulf of Mexico. When we arrive there we shall have been on the river eight days, and have navigated it more than 1000 miles. A change of climate has come over us: from a beginning season in the North of sleet and a little snow, we are advancing, though near "Christmas" to the warmth of an English summer. Our present latitude is 32° : to morrow we shall be 1600 miles south of London. Our progress is slow: our steamer frequently stops to take in freight and to load wood. The banks of the stream are now getting to a level with the water, and handsome houses, the dwellings of Cotton planters, and villages of slave cabins disclose themselves at intervals. The trees, which

northward had lost their verdure are here beginning to exhibit a retained foliage. I love warm, clear, sunshiny weather: it does me good. How different at this moment is your lot in England; but I would rather be with you than here: England is free, but here are Slavery and its bitter consequences. We look on the Cotton planter's thousand acres, his mansion and his slave-cabins—small but well built and white washed; and at the same time ruminates on the lot of his slaves who are treated as cattle and nothing better. On First day morning last I landed on the left bank of the river whilst the steamer took in wood, and walked toward a group of slaves. I had scarcely spoken when one of the band asked me if I were a minister, and they all looked at me as much as to say "Do speak a good word to us." When I left them their leader took off his hat and bowed to me: this was observed by a fellow passenger who soon undertook to explain to me that if any of us were seen speaking kindly to the slaves we should rouse the indignation of their owners! What a land to live in, and calling itself christian!

12th Mo 7th

A poor irishwoman, a deck passenger, was taken with a congestive chill yesterday: this morning she is a corpse! I went on shore to see the grave dug and the body buried. In one voyage in the hot summer weather, this very boat, capacious and airy as it is, lost seventeen passenger and sailors by death. The dead are buried at the first landing place for taking in wood.

BATON ROUGE 12th Month 8th

This town of 5000 inhabitants is handsomely built and surrounded in a semi circle on land by sugar estates. We took a carriage last evening and drove to a large plantation which makes 600 tons of sugar at every crop. Here my companions for the first time entered a cane field and saw the process of sugar making. The implements and machinery of this property are costly and complete: we saw the brown treacly sugar, so unsightly to the eye, converted into pure dry white sugar in less than five minutes of time! But the poor slaves in this

region toil most piteously. A planter who owns 27 slaves, who is a comparatively humane man, told Wm Holmes and me in confidence that the sugar planters of Louisiana, in a general way treat their slaves most awfully: during crop time, for many nights together, they allow them only three hours of actual sleep, and drive them to exhaustion before the crop is over: he told us he only wondered how they could endure their sufferings. One poor slave told Wm Forster that at this time of the year *they never knew when Sunday came*. The calculation of the Slave owners of Louisiana, when they buy new hands from the North, is that if they give \$1000 for a good field hand they can get work enough out of him to repay his cost in three years: all his labor over that period, abating the cost of food and clothing, is clear and gain: in this manner they run them to death. In one hour from this time we are to see the Governor of the State, who is himself a slave owner, and are to plead with him against this horrid system. Again I say, "May the Lord help and preserve us." These opportunities are trials of our faith. I cannot wait to acquaint thee with the result. This afternoon we hope to be on our way to *Jackson* in Mississippi, and thence to *Alabama*. We are now at the extremest point of our journey.

Thine most affectionately

J.C.

BATON ROUGE 12th Mo. 8th 1853

MY BELOVED MARIA,

Our interview with the Governor of Louisiana P O Hebert²³ which we looked forward to with anxiety and fear, is at last well got over, and I feel truly thankful for it. He is a frenchman by descent, a soldier by profession who fought in the Mexican war: his vocation is that of a sugar planter, and he owns a great many slaves. If he had not been subdued by the calm and christian manner in which Josiah & William Forster stated our question, he would have been as fierce as a lion: as it was, he treated us on the whole fairly, listened with attention, and

²³ Paul Octave Hebert.

urged his objections in a moderate manner. Every now and then, in denouncing what he termed the greater slavery of the poor in England, his eye flashed with seeming indignation: he then grew calmer, said that as we came to him as Christian men, he would meet us in the same spirit. He admitted that Slavery was an evil, but a necessary one; and in taking leave of us said, "You have my good wishes." Having performed our duty towards this chieftain in this sad dark province, we now leave Louisiana with much relief of mind, and go on to encounter fresh trials in other quarters.

JACKSON MISSISSIPPI 12th Month 12th

The difficulties of passing by land to Jackson being almost insuperable we resolved to return to Vicksburg by water, and from that place to this by rail road. This morning *Genl Foote* favored us with a long interview at the State house. "I can guess your object, Gentlemen, in coming here, before you state it: you hold some of our state bonds: ours is a repudiating state, and you are come to me as Governor in hope of getting them paid." He was soon undeceived in this matter, and he and his secretary sat down with us and listened to our protestation against slavery. "No slave owner," said the governor, "can feel hurt at what you have read: we can receive anything dictated to us in such a spirit, and I feel grateful for your visit: but you do not understand what slavery is in this land;" and then he went on fluently and politely, urging the benefits of slavery as an institution; how it gave wealth to the nation, and happiness to the slave! "There was not" he assured us, "a happier race on the face of the globe than the slaves of Mississippi." He spoke of the province he governed as a very Eden to them, and of Slavery as if it were the panacea of all social evils. Whilst he was discoursing to us, a numerous band of slaves, men and women, just brought, as we were told from Virginia, were ranged in a long row in front of his mansion, exposed for sale to the highest bidder, by a miscreant slave-dealer! A most gentlemanly man is this General Foote, who

directed his pistol at the breast of Senator Benton: he not only listened to us courteously, and defended himself and his brother planters without anger, but on our taking leave invited us to sup with him at the Government house: his secretary also invited us to dine. The governor is the most determined pro-slavery advocate I ever saw; but notwithstanding his prejudices, he has been so far worked upon by Harriet Beecher Stowe, or some other agency that he would be willing, he said, to see a bill passed to prevent the separation of husband and wife, and of young children from their parents, and to prevent the seizure of slaves by the sheriff for debt. "I had resolved, Gentlemen, to recommend these measures in my forth-coming speech to the Legislature, but my friends told me I must not do so, as it would give rise to great excitement in the state, and afford a triumph to the Abolitionists. The Northern abolitionists are men of mischief, who would rend the Union asunder." I must believe that our visit to these two Slave state Governors will have some good effect, as both of them were willing to yield to the force of gospel pleading so far as to acknowledge themselves not affronted, and to confess that their slave codes needed revision.

This afternoon we set out on a long journey of three days and three nights across the country to the capital of Alabama: till we arrive there Farewell.

MONTGOMMERY 12th Mo 16th

A very formidable journey we have had, and the only wonder is that our whole party has passed through it with only a moderate share of suffering, and that we are now, through Divine mercy, refreshed and well. For three days and nights our only rest, except for two hours in one place, and three hours in another, has been in a diligence on rough roads, sometimes over corduroy, and sometimes through swampy ground. Four times we were compelled to quit the carriage to cross rivers by ferry boats. The river *Alabama* is a noble stream, flowing between steep banks, and here we were detained a short time by a steam boat. Just as our carriage and its six horses, the

coachman and seven passengers, had taken possession of the ferry-boat and had launched from shore, a steam boat turned a bend of the river; and was coming down upon us at full speed: the splashing of the wheels would have alarmed the horses, and had we persevered in going on, all might have perished. The steamer stopped her engine, our ferry boat turned back, the horses were led out and driven up the bank out of sight; we went ashore and waited till the danger was over. After this we crossed the river safely and resumed our journey.

In coming through these southern states we have seen strange sights, and heard of sad doings. A large part of the country is still primeval forest, opened in some places on each side of the road for cotton plantations. A cotton field of Alabama at this season of the year is very different to the cotton fields of Jamaica, where the plant is perennial, and yields blossoms and fruit at one and the same time: here the plant dies at the approach of winter, and leaves only dry stalks, and bursting balls of cotton. The cotton fields of America at this season wear a scraggy appearance, and are even less picturesque than a stubble field in England. We saw slaves picking the cotton, and otherwise laboring on the plantations, and observed at different places, encamped in the woods, bands of negroes on their way further south under inhuman slave dealers, but none of them were chained. Our fellow passengers by the stage were all bound up with this sad system, as were also the tavern keepers by the road side where we stopped for refreshment. Twice on the journey we heard men boast of having hunted down runaway slaves by blood hounds who had fled to the swamps or some other secret place for concealment; and almost every where and on every occasion, the white people in the presence of strangers speak of slavery as though it were to the slaves the happiest life imaginable.

We are come to a town where the State legislature is in session: the courts of law are open; a multitude of people throng the streets, and the hotels overflow with guests. A single

indiscreet speech might expose us to all the terrors of Lynch law. I feel thankful every time our work is done in these dark places of the earth, and we are left at liberty to proceed. Hitherto we have been mercifully preserved from harm, and our faith is yet strong. Great numbers of the farmers of this province are selling their improved lands and moving to *Texas*: the roads are covered with their wagons and teams: the women and children ride under cover, and the poor slaves, young and old, who go with them, trudge mournfully along on foot: the white men ride on horseback and act as whippers in. It is a strange sight and some what picturesque to see companies of these people sitting at blazing log fires in the woods at night, and the wagons planted round: if it rain hard they seek the shelter of log houses and barns. The talk of these slave owning people distresses us: the moral sense is deadened: they put evil for good and darkness for light, and justify their doings as if all was approved of heaven. How glad I shall be to escape from these abominations, and reach again my own roof!

12th Mo 17th

Yesterday afternoon we paid a visit to the Governor of Alabama Henry W Collier, and were received by him with kindness and good feeling. He was once a judge, and possesses superior talents for public business. After listening to the memorial and to Wm Forster's judicious statements in support of it, he said at once, "It is an admirable paper," and then proceeded with much seriousness of manner to explain to us his situation both as an individual slave owner, and as governor of the State. Before he became Governor, he thought it his duty, he said, to allow his young negros to read, though contrary to the law to do so: since he was elected to office, the law has been repealed, and all masters may now, if they please, send their young slaves to school. He deeply regretted, he continued, the enormities of the American internal slave trade which he pronounced as little less revolting than that of Africa; and he felt so sensibly the great moral evil of separating families by sale, husband from wife, and mother from child, that he had

recommended the consideration of the question to the attention of the legislature. He spoke of the laws of the slave states as needing immediate revision, and instead of falling back, as most of the governors do, on colonisation to Liberia, as a remedy and cure for slavery, he seemed to think that the condition of the slaves must be morally ameliorated, and that they should remain in the land and become free laborers. This good governor, as many other slaves masters have done, bore testimony to the susceptibility of the negro mind to religious impressions. The general opinion seems to be that there is in reality more piety amongst the blacks than the whites. He assured us that he had derived much instruction from the clear and simple faith of some of them; as notwithstanding their disadvantages they had a clear apprehension that Christ died for them, and that He is their saviour. Josiah Forster ventured to ask him whether he had considered what to do with his slaves when he should be removed by death from the care of them? "That, Gentlemen, is a question that has often troubled me, as it has done many others." In short, he exhibited so much sensibility and religious feeling that I am ready to denominate him the Christian Governor.

Our interview was really a touching one: the tears came into my eyes on hearing the admissions which this considerate and candid man seemed compelled to make, and we all parted from him with feelings of affection. On going to the governor's hotel and returning from it, we saw the slave trade in unblushing operation. This Montgomery, the capital of Alabama, is a handsome town, most agreeably situated, but exhibits sad sights. In three different buildings we saw slaves, brought, we suppose, from *the breeding states*, exposed for public sale: in one room there were about 50 men and women: in another the women, well dressed, sat on benches alone, and in a third a company was dancing to the sound of a violin, whilst the slave dealer sat in an arm chair at the door to prevent the casual escape of his victims. We believe there are some kind slave owners, under whose rule, slavery has something of a patri-

archal character, and that a large number of the slaves are well treated so far as food and clothing go, and that possibly they are not overworked: we see many who seem cheerful and happy as if they had no worldly care, but we hear things which lead us to look beneath the surface, and there we see how evil and bitter a thing it is to be in bondage.

MILLEDGEVILLE 12th Mo 20th

On first day afternoon we walked with an American clergyman to the door of a meeting house of the colored people, and saw the congregation break up. About four or five hundred, nearly all slaves, had assembled, and their minister, a black man, was also a slave. I never saw a more creditable looking set of people; nearly all were good looking and well dressed, and some of them handsomely dressed. It is honorable to the white inhabitants of Montgomery that they allow their slaves to meet for public worship and encourage them to do so, as do also some of the planters who live near the town when cotton picking is not urgent. They find that religion when it is *the real article*, as they call it, makes their slaves better servants.

On First day last, near midnight, we left Montgomery for another long journey of 317 miles into the heart of Georgia, which with the exception of only ten miles we performed by rail road. The rail cars are comfortable vehicles, and being stove-warmed in winter are good to travel in by night and day. The gregarious feeding at taverns by the way side is certainly not to our taste, but we must eat and drink and therefore submit resignedly to the custom of the country. A crowd of passengers, clean and dirty, perhaps a hundred of us, sit down together in one large room, and amidst such a motley where all are equal, there will always be found of the rude and vulgar whose contiguity is far from refreshing; besides, such is the hurried haste of meals that unless we consent to devour the food, we go away without taking enough.

Georgia, like *Mississippi* and *Alabama*, is to a large extent a cotton producing country, and in coming along we passed of course through a tract of cotton plantations. A large number

of the poorer lands are held by white men who are too poor to hold, or to hire slaves, and who bring into the market by free labor from 5 to 50 bales of cotton pr annum, worth about £8 sterling pr bale, besides corn and pork for their own subsistence. A planter tells me this morning that he thinks one fifth of all the cotton of Georgia is the produce of free labor.

I told thee in my letter from Saint Louis of the unkind and acrimonious letter which we received before leaving that city from the governor of Missouri. Since our departure he has published an attack upon us in the Missouri Examiner newspaper, which has been seen by our friends in Philadelphia, and been spoken of in a letter to one of our company. We cannot expect in such a mission as ours that all things should run smooth, and that all should be joy: we laid our account before hand with some discomforts and sufferings, but as long as the cause we advocate does not suffer, we are content to endure whatever is permitted to come. As a contrast to Governor Price of Missouri, I have already stated the kindness and courtesy we have thus far met with in the Southern States, and may now tell thee that our own government at home is satisfied with the course we take. The British minister at Washington in a despatch to Lord Clarendon informs him of our having called on him with our credentials, and says in regard to us that we "have not come to America with fire and sword," and that he was glad to have seen us. This we learn from a nephew of Henry Bidwell's who is a clerk in the foreign office. I am quite satisfied from all we have heard that our course of proceeding gives satisfaction to the rulers in this land generally, so that taking all things we are in good cheer. The last night we passed on our journey hitherward was at Macon, a very handsome town of Georgia, where we could only remain for a few hours. It was cold and frosty: *Orion* shone in the clear atmosphere with unusual splendor: this morning it is warmer: the sun shines delightfully; the *ever green glades* are refreshing to the eye, and even the swamps are not displeasing.

EVENING 9 OCLOCK

So fears come and vanish! Our expectations of being well received by Governor H V Johnson²⁴ were not very strong, but he granted us an interview at his private house and treated us in a kind manner. "He differed from us altogether," he said, "in regard to Slavery as an institution: we considered it a sin: he thought it consistent both with law and gospel, and that it was likely to be a means ultimately of a great blessing to Africa, and of making that vast continent a christian country: he respected our motives and accepted our memorial, but so long as we treated slavery as a sin we should make no impression on the minds of Southern slave holders." "We treated the subject," he continued, "in a way not calculated to give offence: we were not like his own country men, the Northern abolitionists, but still our object was the same, and *that* a pernicious one: *it was the same music breathed in softer notes.*" He did not give us his blessing at parting, but he involuntarily at last spoke of Slavery as a curse fastened on America by England, and said that many slave owners believed that the Almighty in his providence would make way for its removal. It is a great matter to have accomplished so much as we have done in the South. To morrow we leave this place for South Carolina. My next letter will give thee an account of our visit to that province, and perhaps of Wm Forster's beginning religious engagements among the Friends of North Carolina and Western Tennessee. Once more, my Love, farewell. I long for the time of our recrossing the Atlantic but we must not hurry. Peace and joy be with thee.

Thine faithfully

J. C

²⁴ Herschel V. Johnson.

Nos. 10 and 11

COLUMBIA SC. 12 Mo. 23rd 1853

My beloved Maria

Of all the States of N America, South Carolina is the fiercest defender of Slavery: how we shall fare in this capital remains to be seen: our object is unknown, and we wait to see the Governor John L Manning. The distance from the capital of Georgia is 140 miles, and in passing from one to the other, partly by stage, partly by railway, we came through a level country: for 70 or 80 miles we saw neither a single hill, nor any rolling land, but extensive pine forests, in some places sinking into swamps. The open parts of the country are cultivated in corn, cotton and rice: the rice harvest was over, so that we saw none in ear, and the large cotton fields were nearly bare, as the crop was gathered, and only a few small pods too poor to collect, were left on the naked stalks. If the climate of these Southern slave states were like ours in England, the level plains would wear a desolate appearance and the swamps would displease and frighten us: but as it is the face of nature is rather agreeable than otherwise: the ever green pines in rich profusion are relieving to the eye, and the dark brown dead leaves of the oak and hickory, as a contrast, heighten the effect. To day it rains and the sky is covered with clouds, but the weather is warm and we look for fine days to succeed. In travelling from *Milledgeville* we had with us a fellow passenger, one of the legislators of Georgia, who told us that they had passed a law to prevent slaves from other states being brought into Georgia for sale. On inquiring of him the ground of this seemingly humane provision we found that it was based on no humanity at all, but simply on this, that the State had already slaves enough, and the Legislature was resolved that no more money should go out of it for the purchase of new ones, to which practise, as buyers on credit, the planters had become addicted to their own disadvantage. Everything in Slavery resolves itself into a question of money profit to the landowner: dollars outweigh all moral considerations. It is true that, owing to the advance of enlightened public opinion in the North and in Europe, the

condition of the slaves is gradually becoming ameliorated, but still the generality of masters are almost dead to moral feeling in the matter, and only act because constrained to do so by pressure from without.

We are just returned from the State House after a confidential and strictly private interview with Governor Manning, not even his private secretary being present. The governor is a fine young man about 40 years of age, and is a large proprietor of slaves, of whom, he tells us, he owns five hundred: his countenance beams with intelligence and good will. He not only received us politely, as a true gentleman, but listened and conversed with us in the seeming spirit of a Christian man. He was too wary, as the governor of a rampant pro-slavery state, to commit himself or the system by any concessions, but he was evidently touched in his religious feelings, and urged nothing in defence of it. To hear such words as our Address contains, and not to resent them; to listen to us as foreigners and not to complain of our interference; to acknowledge, as he did, that our motives were pure, and worthy of all respect, is to me a proof that this governor is not only a gentleman, but that there is something in him better than himself, to the authority of which he bows. I cannot help feeling a regard for this polite slave owner. Without justifying himself, or boasting of his kindness to his slaves, as most of the planters do, he gave us to understand that he felt his responsibility both as a ruler and as a private person, and that it was his endeavour, in regard to his own servants, and in regard to slavery itself, to maintain a good conscience towards his God. The cruelties attendant on irresponsible power were beginning, he said, to be reprobated by the community at large, and that ameliorations are going forward. Lord Morpeth,²⁵ he told us, had been his guest for a week and had inspected his plantations, and he should be glad to give us the opportunity of seeing some of the estates of South Carolina. We had a friendly parting, and shall remember

²⁵ George Howard, Sixth Earl of Carlisle (1773-1848), styled Lord Morpeth.

the interview with comparative satisfaction. Another trial of our faith is got well over, and we now look with increasing confidence to the future. Four other slave states only remain to be visited.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE 12 Mo 27th

To arrive at this city where the Governor of Tennessee resides, we found it necessary to retrace our steps by rail road three hundred miles, although not precisely through the same district of country, and we travelled the whole of that distance without once stopping to rest. A senator of Georgia was one of our travelling companions, who gave us a deplorable picture of the state of morals among the planters of that large province. He assured us that few of what are termed the better white people went abroad without a loaded pistol, a dirk or a bowie knife, to be ready to revenge any supposed insult, and that even magistrates and judges conformed themselves in this respect to the public practise. The consequence is that duels, murders and stabbings are of frequent occurrence, which we see confirmed almost every day in the public papers. Laws enacted against such crimes are unavailing so long as the public sentiment favors them: "Laws," said one of the Governors to us, "must be the outburst or exponent of public feelings, or they become a dead letter."

From Atlanta in Georgia to the borders of Tennessee, the country, no longer a level pine forest, rises into hills covered with oak timber, and in summer time must be beautiful; but we are now in the beginning of winter, and even in this southern region the snow yesterday was several inches deep, and the ponds were frozen: hail and snow came down at the same time: at night we require much bed clothing to keep us tolerably warm, and I find my woollen jacket an indispensable garment in the open air. One part of our journey yesterday was performed by steam boat on the river Tennessee, one of those many magnificent streams that intersect this mighty land: we thought the scenery on its banks almost equal to anything in America—steep banks, broken rocks and lofty wood covered

hills! We had crossed two great rivers, the Savannah and the Alabama only a few days before, but these, running through a level country, disclosed but little of the beauty or grandeur of nature. What we have thus far seen of Tennessee would lead me to pronounce it the garden state of the Union: its main produce is maize and cotton. In summing up the amount of our travels since we landed at Boston, I find it to be 6018 miles; we have been in twenty one states of the Union out of thirty one, and this is the extremest point in any direction to which our wanderings extend. We have only to visit the meetings of Friends in this province, and in North Carolina and Virginia, and then we look northward, eastward and homeward. Much however remains to be done in connection with our mission, and you must not expect to see me home under four months from this date. Much as I long to see thee again we must finish our work now we are here that we may have no misgivings for neglected duty when we get back to England.

12th Month 28th 1853

Just returned from seeing the Governor Andrew Johnson, a thoughtful considerate well meaning man, who entered fully into the subject with us, and in conclusion thanked us for the visit. He holds four domestic slaves by purchase, but none for gain. He admitted that our motives in thus travelling to enlighten the conscience of slave owners must be pure, and that our conduct being conciliatory was likely to promote the object in view. Had the same line of conduct been followed by the Northern abolitionists; had appeals by christian persuasion been adopted instead of unsparing denunciation, several of the States by this time, he said, would have been ready to grant emancipation. He told us, what we had heard before, that gambling, as a vice, prevailed extensively in the Slave states: even in Washington, he said, a man might stand at the door of his house and look upon two or three known gambling houses and not dare to interfere: the laws were stringent against gambling, but like all other laws of the country not in harmony with the

popular feeling, were almost a dead letter. What a comment is this on the democracy of a nation! From 500 to 1000 people in this city of Nashville alone (which contains about 16,000 inhabitants) are said to subsist thus by plundering their neighbours and strangers. The unrighteousness of the system of slavery, by sapping all the foundations of morality, conduces greatly to this social ruin.

I have been this afternoon to the Capitol, a new edifice, which when completed will have cost the community nearly two millions of dollars! From the upper rooms is a good view of the city, which lies in a basin surrounded by good farming land, and from which hills rise all around covered with forest: at the foot of the city, and through the valley flows the Cumberland river, over which is a long suspension bridge, somewhat handsome, but inferior to those built over the Niagara near the Falls and over the Ohio at Wheeling in Virginia. The facilities for travelling in this portion of the earth are surprisingly great when we consider how young the nation is. Out of the 6000 miles we have already traversed, about 1300 have been performed by stage coaches, 1500 on the rivers by steam boats and 3200 by railway. Steam boat travelling is cheap, that by railway is about equal to our second class fares, but stages are dear owing to the badness of the roads. We have seen the rough and the smooth and have had some suffering as well as enjoyment. It is surprising to me that the two brothers should have borne up so well: they are now as well as when they left home, and notwithstanding Wm Forster's arduous engagements yet to come, I trust that he will be favored to reach home in safety, and health, and if so we doubt not with peace.

FRIENDSVILLE EAST TENNESSEE 1st Mo 3rd 1854

From Nashville we returned to Chattanooga by railway, except ten miles by steam on the river Tennessee. At Chattanooga we rested one night and the next day reached *Louden*, making from Nashville a journey of 280 miles. On 7th day last we hired at this place a carriage and horses with

a driver, and a saddle horse to ride upon, and thus partly riding and partly walking we traversed ten miles of very bad road in five hours, crossing one broad river in a ferry boat. On stopping at a Friends' house by the road side we found the old man and two of his sons killing or rather skinning a calf: we took them, they said, at a nonplus, but they would take us in and do for us as well as they could. It was a poor farm house, and as another Friend, better to do in the world, lived only a mile and a half off we agreed to divide: so leaving Wm Forster and Wm Holmes at this spot, Josiah Forster and myself, attended by a pilot, made our way through the woods and over a creek to the house of James Allen where we received from him and his wife a kind and cordial welcome.

Let me now describe

A Farmers life in Eastern Tennessee

James Allen has a pretty good homestead, and a wife and nine children, eight girls and an infant boy: two of the girls are able to help their mother, and one, the oldest of them is at New-garden school in North Carolina. There is no servant in the family: the husband with one young man—a Friend, to help him, performs the work of 100 acres, sometimes hiring a laborer for a few weeks at a time. The wife attends to her family cares, milks the cows, weaves cloth for the family to wear, and does in fact all that a large household can demand at the hand of mistress and domestics combined. These good people have a great abundance of the good things of this life: during our stay with them, the table was furnished at each meal with stewed chicken, sausage meat, preserved peaches, bread-kind, coffee and milk. I felt grieved, however, to observe the continual toil to which they were subject; and my wonder was how such an amazing amount of work could be got through without the breaking down of mind and body. The farmers of Tennessee toil as hard as the day laborers of England; but then, unlike our English laborers, they keep gathering into the garner, adding to their property, and making way for their

children to enter on land of their own when they become of age to do so. One practise is common here which we cannot approve. If a larger company comes together at table than can sit down at one time, the women wait on the men, and sit down to their meal when the men rise up: this is so contrary to the general customs of America that we may almost wonder how the practise crept in.

I left with our friend Matilda Allen, the wife of our host a copy of the Life of Elizabeth Fry, and a packet of the haberdashery which my sister E C furnished me with for the good housewives of the Western wilderness. Whilst Matilda was looking at the articles her husband stood by, and said "What have to pay for them?" I said, *nothing*: my sister had put them into my hands to give to my friends in remote places, where they could not run every hour to a shop to buy them. "Thy sister," said Matilda, "must be a very kind woman: these things will be very useful to me: I cannot get such thread and cotton and tape here, and am often without good needles: do give my love to thy sister when thee gets back to England." The husband said to me, when he understood they were a gift, "I fear thee cannot afford it." The same sort of testimony to the value of these little articles was given me by another friend at whose house we lodged.

KNOWVILLE 1st Mo. 4th 1854

On First day morning when James Allen had fed his pigs, Josiah Forster and myself set out through the woods to meeting: James Allen saddled a horse for himself and his wife, and he carrying the infant in his arms, they both followed us, and the girls walked with us and the young man. The meeting house was a dark log cabin without a window, but with an opening in the side for light and ventilation: a large fire was blazing on the floor and the room was grievously warm and close. Here we found assembled a rustic company of about forty or fifty persons, mostly Friends, to whom Wm Forster ministered in gospel power. The men were dressed in

home made woollen clothes dyed of light blue, and some had crimson vests : the women also were curiously dressed ; and we formed a motley assemblage to look at. Wm Forster, who could not walk so far, was conveyed to meeting in an open waggon by the old friend at whose house he lodged.

The next morning we had an appointed meeting at Friendsville to which J F. and myself set out again on foot, four miles through the forest to attend it. Here we met a congregation of a hundred persons : it was worth going a long way to be present at such a meeting : Wm Forster preached, and it was indeed a memorable opportunity. After it was over the company flocked around us, and we spent a very agreeable day amongst them, calling on some of their families.

Our object now was to get forward to another district, forty miles off, where other Tennessee Friends reside, to hold a meeting or two with them. It so happened that a store keeper was going to *Knoxville* which lay in our route, and he kindly offered to take us and our luggage in a covered waggon drawn by four horses. On 3rd day morning at noon we began the journey, our first stage being nine miles, which we performed in four hours ! Three of us walked much of the way : at last, a little before sun-set we came to a broad deep river which we crossed in a ferry boat navigated by a female slave and a white boy. It was owing to the extraordinary skill and activity of this black woman that the wagon and horses were not all plunged into the stream : we had all got safely over, and the ferry boat then went back for the wagon and team : before they reached the shore one of the wheels by some mishap got over the side of the boat and deranged the balance : this was perceived at once by the woman, who by surprising promptitude and strength saved the whole from shipwreck. Passing up a steep bank we came to the Ferry House, which we found one of the best ordered little taverns we had seen in America. An excellent supper was served us at 7 o'clock, and two good rooms, each with two beds, and furnished with a large log fire were prepared for our accommodation. Our friend, the wagon driver

and his son slept on the floor of the room in which J F and myself rested.

At seven oclock this morning we were all ready to resume our journey except Wm Forster who not feeling well, having taken cold at Friendsville, was unable to proceed. It was agreed therefore to remain at the Ferry house another day to rest, and as we expected letters at Knoxville and it was needful to arrange for the further prosecution of our journey onward from that town, I agreed to walk there, the distance being only thirteen miles to prepare for their arrival and to hire conveyances. I am now at a small hotel alone for the evening, waiting for their coming up to morrow to join me. Many are the sad tales we hear of the working of slavery: we passed by houses yesterday in which slaves were recently murdered by their masters or their masters by them, and another in which eight mulatto slaves were sold by auction at the death of their own father, who died without a will, leaving them in bondage. They were bought by slave traders, and were chained and sent off to the South. Our friend the driver was present at the sale and describes the scene as a heart-rending one indeed. With a fullness of love I now conclude and remain thy very affectionate.

JC.

1st Month 5th

As I left the ferry yesterday morning early on my solitary walk alone, the sky being clear, and the sun just risen, I looked on the broad river, its steep wooded banks, and the near and distant hills, and exclaimed involuntarily to myself, "How beautiful, how beautiful! What a lovely country is this!" The state of Tennessee is rich in natural grandeur. On going to the Post office I found to my great joy thy deeply interesting letter of the 7th ultimo. How can I thank thee enough for it?

1st Month 9th 1854

The doctor is not yet again come, but our patient has had a quieter night, with some rest: his pains are fewer and the fever seems to be going: we have now good hope of his recovery, unless the disorder should run into typhoid, as it sometimes does. . . .

Third day morning the 10th

Doctor Nelson came again last night, lodged here on the floor and left this morning. Our patient is much better: he had some refreshing sleep in the night and has taken a very little nourishment; which circumstances confirm our hope of his early recovery. . . . Yesterday Ephraim Lee, an elder, and the head of the society in this quarter, rode over to see us. He has a large store of anecdote which he made use of to amuse us. He is a devoted temperance man: at the request of his neighbours he delivered them lately a public address on the Temperance movement. "I never studied any subject in all my life," he said to me, "as I studied that: I went wholly on scripture and began at Genesis: I told them I believed the forbidden fruit of Eden contained an intoxicating quality, and that was the reason why it was forbidden." Indeed! I said: that was a new thought to me; how did the people take it? "Why, they stared at me mightily," he replied, "but I was never more convinced of anything." So we see there are people in America, as well as in England, who know how to drag in scripture and to misuse it. The old gentleman, who is very kind and very garrulous, told us some odd things about some travelling ministers whom he had known or heard of in his younger days, but enough of this now. I walked out this morning two miles and a half through the deep snow for exercise and have taken no cold: my health continues remarkably good. The time of our separation seems to be very long, and this detention of ours in the wilderness adds to the burdensomeness of the feeling, but afflictions are sent for a wise end, and I cultivate resignation.

Fourth day the 11th

Our hopes, so strong yesterday, are now somewhat abated : pains in the left side have returned acutely so as to prove that inflammatory disease lingers in the system : frequent pains and faintness with scarcely any nourishment for seven days, are enough to exhaust the strongest men, and our patient is not so strong as many men much older than himself. . . .

The state of the slaves in this land often oppresses my mind with deep religious concern for their welfare ; my relief seems only in prayer : so inveterately do the planters cleave to slavery ; so determined is the great mass of the democracy to uphold it, that humanly speaking there is no prospect of a change ; but prayer is a mighty weapon, and I feel confident that in mercy or in judgment, He who rules in the heavens will bring this iniquity to an end. In this part of Tennessee, notwithstanding a general hard heartedness on the subject, a few of the slave holders have been awakened to a consciousness of the sin, who have manumitted their slaves, and have sent them well cared for to Liberia. We are informed of one man who liberated fifteen of his servants in this way, but his wife, who owned two in her own right, could not be brought to give them liberty. From all we hear of slave owners, some women appear to be the severest in exacting service and inflicting stripes. The name of H B Stowe is appalling to these despots, although they endeavour to laugh off the feelings her works occasion. The Southern Quarterly Review acknowledges that she has struck a blow at Slavery from which it can never recover ; and yet so inconsistent is the writer that he recommends, in order to strengthen what has been thus rudely shaken, that the African slave trade should be revived in America to extend the system and make it perpetual ! My honest opinion is that either slavery as an institution must soon cease in the Southern States, or the Union must fall to pieces.

Note

After writing thus far and before resuming my pen, I met with a serious accident and dislocated my left shoulder. Josiah Forster appended the following lines

Fifth day morning 1st Mo. 12th 1854

Do not dear Friend be alarmed at seeing my hand writing. I think there is no occasion for that: I now write from dictation of thy dear husband.

“Having carelessly fallen and bruised my arm, my friend J. F. writes the concluding paragraph. We rejoice to be able to say that our patient is decidedly better; the pain has materially subsided, and I now have good hope of his early recovery. This is the intelligence that I wish to have communicated to our friends at Ipswich.” Farewell, most affectionately

J C.

This is too laconic. I must add that thy dear husband was sitting in my brother's bed room last night to render any assistance that might be needed. He went out into the porch for a piece of wood for the fire, fell and bruised, we think, the muscles under the left shoulder. It occasions him much suffering, but we hope it will pass off in two or three days. We hope to render him what assistance may be in our power. We feel for him.

In much love, Thine

JOSIAH FORSTER.

No. 13 Low's FERRY TENNESSEE 1st Month 15th 1854
MY BELOVED MARIA

When my friend Josiah Forster penned for me the concluding lines of my last letter I was in a state of suffering in my left arm and shoulder, and my whole frame was shattered. For ten long and wearisome hours I sat and walked and waited the arrival of the doctor. At length he came and J F and W H carefully helped him to remove my clothes: whilst

examining the shoulder to find out where the mischief lay, the pain was so acute and severe that I almost fainted. I said to him as he kept on with his manipulations, "I cannot stand much of this:" his cool answer was "You must stand it, and a good deal more." He pronounced it a dislocation of the shoulder and I looked forward to protracted pain and suffering. After some farther examination he placed his thumb under the offending joint, and with a skill and dexterity, perhaps never surpassed, gently forced it into its socket, and said with a smile "the work is done." I felt immediate relief from distressing pain, and was filled with joy and thankfulness. They now wrapped my naked waist and shoulder in a woollen scarf, administered some madeira wine and water, put me to bed, and I fell asleep. This sleep, though not the most refreshing, repaired me a little, as I had been kept awake for the thirty previous hours. From the moment the bone was set the healing process seemed to begin, and has been going on to the present hour. This account of myself will not be tedious to thee, whatever it may be to others and therefore I enter into detail. . . .

Third day 1st Mo 17th

. . . The population thin and spare that surrounds us at this place consists of farmers and mechanics, some of them holding slaves, and some from poverty or principle holding none. Our landlord here at the ferry house has four slaves, a mother and three children, and here we see the workings of slavery under what are called good owners. Still the scripture holds true, "a bad tree cannot bring forth good fruit." The slave mother is a stout healthy young woman who has two children by a former connection, and an infant by her present husband who lives under another master across the river two miles off, and is allowed only to visit her once a week, coming on 7th day evening and returning to his labor on 2nd day morning: other domestic comfort they have none, and of this they may be deprived at any time by the caprice or insolvency of either of their reputed owners, and perhaps never see each other

again! The woman is cheerful and seems to be contented, and probably is as well satisfied with her condition as if she were free: she works hard at the ferry oar, but is not overworked as some slaves are; her physical wants are supplied, and she cares for little more. But look at her children, only half attended to, unwashed and dirty, devoted to as much drudgery as they can well perform, and without education or religious instruction suffered to go on to mature age!

Another slave owner who has eighteen slaves came the other night to relieve us and sit up with Wm Forster—a kind benevolent looking man who rendered us essential service, but who justifies slavery as a sort of patriarchal institution, because he gives his people food to eat and clothes to wear, and treats them, as he says, well. So long as *the animal* in the slaves is cared for, slave owners seem to be contented: they have done their duty, and deserve praise! Conscience is lulled: they know the abominations of slave keeping and the cruelties often inflicted by wicked masters, but they overlook these things, and say in general terms the slaves are well off and very happy, and thus they settle down. Slavery and Christianity can never coexist and flourish together: of this we may be quite sure, and here I take leave of the subject.

Fourth day the 18th

Wm Holmes rode through the forest for the doctor yesterday but could not find him as he had travelled far a head, nor is he come yet. Happily for us, a good neighbour, another slave owner, came to share the duties of the night, so that I was relieved from watching and had a long refreshing sleep. Our sick friend is again better: he sleeps well, changes his room for fresh air and begins to take and relish small portions of solid food: he now thinks he has sufficient internal strength left to warrant our removing him, and intreats us to try the experiment.

Sixth day the 20th

Six days have elapsed since the doctor left us: twice has he been sent for, and he is not come yet. Happily for us our

patient gains a little strength, and still thinks himself able to bear being removed to Knoxville. . . .

The river is so swelled by the recent thaw and rains as to make the passage across it doubtful and difficult. Not a single friend from the other side has ventured over for six days past: doctor and friends all keep aloof. . . . The river has risen 15 feet; trees and drift wood, swept from the banks, are floating in continued masses down the rushing stream: the weather is bland and warm, succeeding a thunder storm. Sitting alone by night and solitary walks by day afford me much room for meditation: I think of you all with tender affection, and indulge the hope of soon meeting you again. Farewell till we reach Knoxville.

7th day the 21st

No Knoxville reached yet! The floods are out and nearly all communications are cut off from the surrounding neighbourhood: perhaps it is better for us, as W F is anxious to be removed and is not fit to go. No doctor comes near us and we cannot cross the water in search of a new physician. . . .

First day evening the 22nd

Our poor patient was restless and uneasy in the night and required almost constant attention, but is somewhat better to day. Dr Rogers from Knoxville succeeded in reaching us this afternoon at 3 o'clock: after long inquiry into his case and much examination he is of the judgment that he may be removed in a few days: there is certainly some constitutional strength remaining; more nourishment is taken, and the voice has sometimes its usual compass and power. . . .

The broad river has at length overflowed its banks, and two boats lashed together, laden with wheat and flour, have broken from their moorings and are gone restlessly down the flood with two men on board at the peril of their lives: we shall be anxious to hear of them as they are said to be unacquainted with the river navigation. Many passengers are detained on this side of the water who cannot cross it owing to its danger:

one sick man lodged on the floor in our bed room; others who were well have been turned away to seek for shelter and rest a mile or two off. Thou wilt see by my statement that we must continue here a while longer. Again my dearest Farewell

Thine &c

JC

NO. 14 LOW'S FERRY TENNESSEE 5th day 1st Mo 25th 1854
MY BELOVED MARIA

On third day last our new doctor came a second time and one of our friends from across the river. This afforded me a good opportunity of leaving the sick chamber for one day and night, of which I gladly availed myself. That night at the House of Norris and Elizabeth Allen, who received me with great cordiality, I obtained a long unbroken rest, and the next morning attended with them their meeting at Friendsville, where I found from 40 to 50 friends, men and women, with scarcely any young people. At the conclusion of the meeting I delivered to the company assembled a message of love from Wm Forster which was very acceptable to them, as they feel a strong interest in his case, which now assumes an alarming appearance. I dined with Ephraim Lee, who saddled his horse and piloted me through the near wood to the forest road which leads to the ferry, and which, after losing myself twice, I reached before sun down. . . .

The weather before the floods set in was often so very cold that we kept up large fires day and night. Samuel Low, our host, tells me that during the last 30 days we have consumed in the house more than twenty young oaks thinned from the forest, each tree measuring at the lower part of the trunk four feet and a half in circumference, and forty feet in height. What a destruction of fine young trees this seems to be; yet the forest is the better for it, as the remaining timber grows larger and better for the openings made. My sister E C need not fear for us the contiguity of wolves, as they shun the habitations of settlers; nor have we yet encountered any snakes. The inhabitants do indeed go armed through the woods but this is

for the purpose of destroying game, such as deer, quails, partridges, squirrels and wild turkeys.

The retired and quiet township of Friendsville, almost exclusively settled by members of our own society was the other day, for the first time, insulted and dishonored by the passage through it of a gang of slaves for the Southern market. One of the captives said to Wm Lee "I do not mind doing the work of a slave, but to be marched thus and sold like cattle is more than I know how to stand." And this is free America! The fugitive slave law is losing its honor in the South owing to the difficulties and expense attending the working of it. A pro-slavery paper now condemns it as a cruel blunder on the part of Southern statesmen and says it works bad for slave owners in two ways; it increases the cost of capture, making it a monied loss, and it draws on the Institution of slavery the odium of Europe. A candid admission, and true.

FRIENDSVILLE 6th day afternoon.

Death of William Forster

At 4 oclock this morning after I had gone to rest W Holmes came to my bed side and asked me if it were my wish to see the final close? I rose immediately and went to the adjoining room: it was a moment of great solemnity. The doctor and his assistant, Josiah Forster, Wm Holmes and myself stood at the bed side: there had been no struggle, no apparent suffering; the dying man supported by pillows had breathed gently, slower and slower, till the doctor, who felt his chest, withdrew his hand and said "*All is now over.*" Our beloved friend and brother breathed his last at ten minutes past 4 oclock on the 27th of 1st Month 1854. In this country interments take place very early after death, so that it was needful for me to cross the river and come to Friendsville to make arrangements for the burial To morrow morning, accompanied by some of our friends, I am to return to the river side: the remains are to be brought over at one oclock PM: two wagons and horses are to be here to receive the coffin and accommodate the followers,

and we are to come to the dwelling house of Ephraim Lee near the meeting house. On 1st day morning the funeral is to take place. I have been to the burial ground to select a spot for the grave and have chosen a vacant place midway between the two entrance doors, which may at any future time be readily pointed out to inquirers. . . .

LOUDEN EAST TENNESSEE 1st Mo 30 1854

After a long and refreshing night's rest at Ephraim Lee's I returned to the Ferry, accompanied by himself, Francis Jones, Thomas Jones and John Hackney to attend the remains of our beloved friend to their final resting place. The river was again so swelled by late heavy rains as to render the navigation of it somewhat perilous, but the master of the ferry boat having obtained some assisting ferry men from other points of the stream, succeeded in bringing over the coffin and our two friends Josiah Forster and Wm Holmes, and landing them safely in the field of a planter which was overflowed by the rushing waters. Here a wagon was in waiting to receive them, and a carriage also. We had now eight miles to travel over a rough and difficult road, but reached our destination before sun down on 7th day evening: we drove through a creek to Ephraim Lee's dwelling house where the corpse was deposited. J F and W H remained there also that night and I walked to Norris Allen's, half a mile further on. On First day morning the remains borne on a wagon were conveyed to the burial ground, and not a few of us followed in procession. A large company had assembled at the ground. After a short time of silence the coffin was lowered into a deep dry grave, and we all remained at the side of it till it was filled up and covered in, and a rough stone was placed at each end of it, according to the custom of the country.²⁶ The usual meeting place for public

²⁶ William Forster's grave, marked by a simple stone bearing only his name and enclosed by an iron fence, may be seen in the Friends Cemetery in Friendsville today. The girls' dormitory at the Friendsville Academy is named the William Forster Home for Girls. The Academy is in its ninety-fourth year. Mrs. Elizabeth Beals, Friendsville, Tenn., to the editor, October 1, 1950.

worship followed, attended by at least 250 persons. I had hoped that if any ministerial service were required of any of us it might be permitted to fall mainly on David Morgan, a minister of Friendsville meeting: it was so ordered, however, that the duty, a solemn one, fell chiefly on thy husband, who was concerned to enlarge on the text "whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation, Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to day and for ever." Josiah Forster spoke a few words when the grave was closed and again before we left the meetinghouse. My heart was too full and my religious concern too strong to allow me to leave the congregation without offering up vocal prayer with praise and thanksgiving.

This morning we took leave of our Tennessee friends and after an eight hours journey of only sixteen miles, are now here ready to leave by the rail road early to morrow morning on our way to North Carolina. Just as we entered the doors of the hotel we met our good friend Doctor Taylor of Burlington who had travelled day and night, nearly 1000 miles by railway to come thus far to visit and assist his honored friend, and to administer to him as a medical attendant. He had got into the coach and gone down to the river side to be ferried over, but was obliged to return to the hotel, as the waters were too high to allow either the mails or the passengers to cross. In meeting us he was saved the need of prosecuting his long journey any further onward and now agrees to join us to morrow on his way northward back to Burlington. Stephen Grellet, he tells us, is again unwell, and Richard Mott dangerously so. We now hope to be in Philadelphia in eighteen days. Excuse this hasty and imperfect sketch of late solemn events, but I have written in some haste as anxious not to lose a mail, and to let thee have the mournful intelligence, now conveyed, as soon as possible. I conclude somewhat abruptly, but with feelings of deep affection and remain as ever

Thine &c

J C.

CHARLOTTE NORTH CAROLINA 2nd Mo 2nd 1854

No 15

MY BELOVED MARIA

My last letter ended with a brief account of the funeral of our departed friend. The sickness and death of this good man are topics on which I could freely enlarge but it will be better to reserve the subject for conversation when we meet again in dear Old England. On 3rd day morning last we left Tennessee in company with our interesting friend Joseph Taylor. The roads in the western parts of North Carolina were too bad to allow of our pursuing the usual stage route to New Garden, a distance of 350 miles, where the Yearly meeting of that province is held, and where Friends have a boarding school which we wished to visit. This circumstance somewhat troubled us as it compelled us to retrace our steps through Georgia and South Carolina to Columbia. The distance to Raleigh in North Carolina where the Governor resides, is much greater by this route than the other, but as it is by rail road all the way we prefer it. We reached Columbia yesterday and being informed that if we came onward to this place, 105 miles, we should be able to reach New Garden by stage, only ninety miles further, we came on intending to do so. On arriving here we found the plan impracticable: the stage conveyance was suspended for the winter and no private accommodation could be hired, as the livery and stable keepers refused to furnish us with horses. We now therefore go back to Columbia and give up all thoughts of reaching any settlement of Friends in North Carolina, which is a great disappointment to us. Thou canst guess what the state of the common roads of this country is after rain and thaws when I tell thee that in coming from Friendsville to Loudon in Tennessee, the mules of our wagon plunged into a mud hole and fell, and we had to dig out the wagon by long fir poles, used as levers, and that we were nearly upset in coming up a steep bank by the river side. Winter travelling in almost every part of N America, where there are no rail roads, is intolerably bad, and we have endured much suffering from this cause.

In the railway car this morning, a fellow passenger, an Englishman, came to me and said, "I am told you are travelling on an Anti-slavery mission: you must be extremely prudent: this is dangerous ground: excuse my freedom: I gather my intelligence from two gentlemen, who have been conversing together on the seat before me." A very mischievous paper "The New York Herald," which has a great circulation in the South, has pointed us out as abolitionists, but we are so strictly on our guard that we fear nothing.

The climate of this region at this time of the year, when no rain falls, is exceedingly pleasant: the sun shines delightfully to day, and our journey through the pine forest has been very gratifying. Extensive clearings by the road side disclose at intervals the cotton plantations with the slaves at work, and we pass numerous depots at which are stages piled high with bales of cotton ready for transport. We have been within six hours of Charleston, the great shipping port, and have not turned out of our course to visit it. This I call practical self denial. Charleston, New Orleans and Savannah: we have been near them all and shunned them all.

1st day morning at 6 o'clock

On reaching the Peedee river we left the railway cars and took a new train on the opposite bank, being ferried over the stream by moonlight. Before reaching Wilmington, the trade capital of North Carolina we left this train, descended into a steam boat and were navigated across the Cape Fear river. Wilmington is a good town of 9000 inhabitants, and here we spent a quiet devotional day of rest and enjoyment. This morning we repaired to the railway station, and took seats for the North, arriving at this place (Weldon) 162 miles to dinner. The land through which we have passed is one unceasing pine forest, interspersed in some parts with dwarf oak as underwood. There are a few openings of clear land by the way for corn and cotton plantations, but in every part of the road, near and distant, we were surrounded by a dense mass of living

pine. These pine trees are the wealth of the country, whose soil is sandy and poor: the owners of the forest scarify them on one side for about six feet from the surface of the ground and suffer them to bleed turpentine, which trickles down into a hole at the foot of each tree, and is ladled out for manufacture and distillation. Rosin, tar and spirits of turpentine, the products of the wood, are packed in barrels and sent to Wilmington for shipment abroad. Manufactories are planted in the open woods, and some of the processes were in operation as we passed. This trade, with charcoal burning, and the cutting down trees for timber is the staple commerce of a large part of North Carolina. To morrow we proceed 100 miles onward to Raleigh the State capital to meet the governor.

RALEIGH NC. 2nd Month 7th

Although we arrived late an immediate interview was granted to us, and we sat with the governor David S Reid an hour and a half. He admitted that if he had been brought up in a country where slavery was unknown, he should be ready to think of the institution as we did, and condemn it on the same grounds, but that having been identified with it from his boyhood and always taught to regard it as expedient, he was not prepared to recommend immediate emancipation. He respected the Society of Friends, he said, and honored our motives, and was gratified with the interview, but at the same time he thought us one-sided in our views. We parted on friendly terms, and left the province with relieved minds.

BALTIMORE 2nd Mo. 11th

The country from Raleigh through the heart of Virginia towards Maryland has less of pine woods and is more of a farm country than we have seen for several days past: cotton is cultivated but chiefly maize and tobacco. We reached *Richmond*, the capital of Virginia on the 8th inst, where we spent a day among our friends, dining at Mary Ladd's, and taking tea at the house of Micajah Bates, nephew of Elisha Bates, with him and his numerous family: yesterday we left that city and passing

through Washington came on to Baltimore, to the hospitable house of Galloway and Margaret Cheston. We are none of us the guests of Doctor Thomas, as his wife is just confined. The doctor and his son, and Samuel Hillis of Delaware came in to spend an hour with us. Josiah Forster gave a brief recital of his brother's sickness and death: a solemn sadness rested on the company, and Samuel Hillis sat and wept. This latter friend had just been at Washington with a deputation of Friends of Pennsylvania to present a memorial to Congress against a bill to establish a new territory to be called Nebraska with the liberty of introducing a slave population, and thus extending the bounds of slavery to gratify the cupidity and thirst for domination of the Southern planters. This bill renews the agitation of 1850 and alarms the North. The President conversed with the Friends who went on this service and spoke to them of his great satisfaction with the visit we paid him four months ago. He seemed concerned to hear of the death of Wm Forster, of whom he spoke highly, and desired them to say to the remainder of the band that it was his wish we should pay him another visit, which we intend to do before we finally leave the country. It seems that during our former two days stay at Washington our departed friend (which we did not know before) had sought and obtained, alone and unattended, an interview with the President and his wife, and that his manner and counsel had made a deep impression on their minds: hence we suppose their desire to see us again.

But now for something more remarkable. I see it stated in the Friends' Review that Brazil has taken up the question of Slavery, as well as the slave trade, in right earnest, and that a bill is before its legislature to decree the freedom of all children of slaves hereafter to be born, and of captives who may be brought to the country. If this bill should pass and become law, the system of slavery in that land will have received its death blow. *Brazil*, a popish country may perhaps put to shame the governments of America where a purer faith is professed, and where the people boast of being more enlightened and more

free than any other nation of the globe. Our mission here is making its way among some Friends who were at first opposed to our movements: a sympathy is felt towards us in our object to an extent unlooked for, and unknown before.

It seems as if we could now look forward almost to a stated time for leaving these shores: we have many States of the Union yet to traverse and much remains to be done, but my hope is, that accompanied by Mahlon Day and his daughter, we may leave New York by one of the Collins' steamers on the fourth of 4th month next: but more of this hereafter. Nathaniel Sands of Rio Janeiro informs his brothers at New York that the Emperor had sent one of his courtiers to solicit a copy of my narrative of our visit to Brazil for his own perusal. Perhaps our visit may have proved useful in promoting, in some degree, the increased feeling of the country in favor of a better state of things.

PHILADELPHIA 2nd Mo. 15th

On 7th day evening last we had the satisfaction of meeting at Baltimore several friends from the North who came to that city to manifest their sympathy towards Josiah Forster on the loss of his brother. A large company of us assembled at Galloway Cheston's. Eliza P Gurney came from Burlington, Marmaduke Cope, John & Mary Whitall and another friend from Philadelphia, and Mahlon Day and David Sands were there from New York. On 1st day morning the attendance at meeting was large. Eliza P Gurney in testimony alluded pathetically to the removal of our dear friend and preached us a truly evangelical sermon: another public testimony was borne and prayer was offered up. In the afternoon some ministerial service devolved on a young man of Baltimore meeting and on James Brown from Peekskill in the state of New York. Some of our company dined at Joseph King's and a much larger number of us took tea at Isaac Tyson's in the evening.

On 2nd day morning, accompanied by a friend, we went by railway to *Annapolis* the state town of Maryland to call on the Governor and present our address. The governor Thos W

Lygon is a slave holder himself and is connected by marriage with some of the largest and most unrelenting slave owners of the State. Our Baltimore friends fearing that our reception might prove an untoward one, had taken the precaution to enlist one of the senators on our side, who met us when we reached Annapolis and introduced us to Governor Lygon. It was well that they had smoothed the way for us, or we should probably have found rough treatment. As it was, our interview was pretty satisfactory; the governor listened without much impatience to some parts of the memorial, and to JF's remarks in support of its object. He thanked us, I think, for calling on him, but expressed his belief that we had chosen a very unpropitious time for attempting to influence his mind against slavery, as Congress and the nation at large were distracted on the subject, and it would be impossible for us to make slave owners believe that our motives were disinterested and pure: they would charge us with a wish to inflame passion and foment and increase strife. Such were the opinions of the governor of Maryland: but he behaved to us not uncivilly, and we seemed to part pretty good friends—

Before leaving Baltimore I called on Ann Pounteney, now a very aged friend who, thou will perhaps remember when we called on her in 1841, introduced us to her "butterfly daughter": this daughter then in the gaiety of youth, blooming and light hearted, is now a widow with two children at her mother's house: another sister was sick in bed, who felt a great regard and love for Wm Forster, and when she heard of his decease the tears of sorrow rolled down her cheeks. The death of our late friend W F. occasions an extraordinary flow of sympathy in this land, where his religious services are remembered with thankfulness by many. All that has happened is in best wisdom, and will prove, we cannot doubt, to the good of the Church and to the furtherance of the good cause which our mission to America was intended to promote.

This morning I attended Twelfth street meeting and dined afterwards with Samuel Bettle Junr; then walked with him

through the city to call on some of our dear friends who had shewed so much kindness to us in 1841 and in 1850. We supped together at Marmaduke Cope's and then parted. I feel much attached to Saml Bettle Jr: he is a man very much after my own heart, and his wife is a very agreeable friend. Yesterday morning Marmaduke Cope and Saml Bettle Junr took me to the colored college school to examine some of the pupils: our company dined at M Cope's and were joined there by Anthony and Mary Kimber and Dr Caspar Wistar, the warm hearted abolitionist. Dr. Wistar remembered thy admiration of his fine horse and asked me whether thy love for these noble animals continued? After calling on Dr. Beesley and his wife and daughter, Wm. Holmes, Mahlon Day and myself went down to Elizabeth White's to spend the evening: truly kind they all were and much did we enjoy the visit. Rebecca White continues very poorly and thinks of going to Santa Cruz for the improvement of her health: she gave me two books for thee—Longfellow's poems on slavery, and a recent edition of Whittier's miscellaneous poems. Wm J Allinson came from Burlington this morning to meet us—kind, sympathising and warm hearted as ever. To day we dine at Thomas Evans', and are this evening to meet a large party at his hospitable house for religious reading and social converse: to morrow we spend the day partly at Moses Brown's and partly with our friends—our very kind friends, Isaac and Rebecca Collins. On Second day morning we leave for New Jersey. Our good friend Mahlon Day is anxious that I should accompany him to the next Dublin Yearly meeting, which begins on the 30th of 4th Month next. We hope to arrive at Liverpool about the 26th. Let me therefore request thee, my Love, to prepare to leave home to meet me there, and to go with Mahlon and Mary Day, and their daughter Susan and myself across the channel to Ireland. Think of it and endeavour to meet my wishes. Once more with dear love to you all Farewell.

Thine &c.

J C.

No 16. BURLINGTON NEW JERSEY 2 Mo 21st 1854
 MY BELOVED MARIA

On 7th day morning last, attended by our benevolent friend Isaac Collins, we visited the penitentiary, the Refuge for colored destitute children and the Girard college. . . . Yesterday morning we left Philadelphia: Joseph Taylor and Dillwyn Smith came from Burlington to meet us, and many friends went down with us to the Delaware to see us on board the steam boat. On arriving at Burlington we went immediately to S & R Grellet's and sat with them discoursing on the late mournful event in Tennessee. Stephen Grellet and Richard Mott still get out to meeting. At noon E P Gurney came with her carriage and took J F and W H to West-hill, and I repaired to my comfortable home at Wm J Allinson's. This was the day fixed on for our going to Trenton the State-town of New Jersey to present our address to the Governor, but in such a climate as that of this winter, nothing is certain. A storm came upon us from the N E, and so much snow fell in the night as to block up the rail roads. Joseph Taylor has set out for West-hill to see if we can penetrate the blockade in that quarter and hold communication with the prisoners there. We were all to have dined with Richard Mott at his house in the country, but this pleasure we must now forego till we can sleigh over the frozen snow. What a comfort to me that I am under a good roof, surrounded by kind friends, and sitting at a warm fire! . . .

NEW YORK 2nd Mo. 24th

On 4th day the 22nd our very kind friend Joseph Taylor came to W J Allinson's with his elegant sleigh and a pair of horses, furnished with a belt of bells, to drive us to Hanchocas [?] meeting, four miles off. This was the first sleighing I had ever witnessed, and of course I enjoyed it. . . . Yesterday the railway tracks being clear, we left Burlington for Trenton, attended its week day meeting, twenty five of us present, and afterwards called on Governor Rodman M Price at the State

house, who said to us on parting "I thank you sincerely for this visit and for your admirable document: you have my warmest sympathies." Leaving Trenton, which is a handsome city, we came on to Amboy: unhappily the steam boat did not get off till late in the evening, having met with an accident, so that we did not reach New York till midnight. As it was too late to go to Mahlon Day's we repaired to the Astor House, which tho' an immense establishment, was full, and we came on to Irving's hotel. The secretary at Astor house, when we expressed our disappointment at not being taken in, said shrewdly and bluntly "you should have brought a hotel with you."

NEW BEDFORD MASSACHUSETTS 2 Mo 25th

. . . At 4 oclock we left the wharf at New York by the Commodore steam boat for New England, and reached this place at six oclock this morning, where we received a most kind and hearty welcome from Susan Howland, at whose house W H and myself are guests: J F is gone to Matthew Howland's. . . . Mahlon Day has engaged a passage for himself and Susan, and us three, by the "Arctic" to sail from New York on the 15th of 4th Month: my hope is still to meet thee there and to take thee with us to Dublin. Lindley M Hoag is returned in good health: poor Jno Wilbur is likely soon to be in England: he is a disappointed man, who went out from us to make a party, but who now finds that he has taken great pains to little purpose.

. . . .

PROVIDENCE RHODE ISLAND 2 Mo. 27th

At New Bedford yesterday we attended both meetings, dined at Susan Howlands, and supped at her son's. . . . This morning we reached Providence and found Dr Tobey with his carriage at the station ready to convey us to his house. At 3 oclock the Governor of Rhode island Francis M Dimond politely came to call on us, and receive our memorial: he had once, he told us, been a planter in Cuba, and since that time the American consul in Hayti: he had seen slavery in all its horrors, and was now prepared to condemn it as a dreadful reproach to his

country. He spoke of the internal slave trade of America also in terms of strong indignation, and expressed the satisfaction he felt with our visit to this land and his hope that it would have a salutary effect. Once again I thank thee and my sister for your interesting letters: these letters and one from my friend Ann Alexander keep me well informed of things at home, and are very grateful to me.

LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS 3rd Mo. 1st

Leaving Dr Tobey's hospitable mansion we came on by railway to Boston, where we found the Governor of the State Emery Washburn and had a long private and very satisfactory interview with him. Massachusetts as a State takes strong ground against slavery and sends one of its ablest citizens to Congress to lift up a voice against it. I am now again among *friends* with whom we are both familiar, and the messages of love to thee are too numerous to repeat. Ruth Basset of Lynn has kept in her work basket a small parcel of worsted thou left behind thee in 1850, and says it has reminded her of thee almost every day ever since.

On taking leave of Lynn after meeting this morning we came on to Dover in New Hampshire where we saw the Governor Noah Martin before we retired to rest. He told us that so far from being an apologist for slavery he agreed with us in all our views and thanked us for our protest against it, which he should read over again and again, and for our visit. New Hampshire, he said, like all the other states of New England, hated slavery.

In coming from Lynn we stopped at Salem and took tea at the house of Stephen Chase who read to us a part of the pleadings of Rufus Choate in the court at Boston, in which he defended our Friends of New England against the charge of John Wilbur of unsoundness in their faith, and vindicated the memory of Joseph John Gurney. He carried the court completely with him and obtained a decree in their favor which establishes their right to all the meeting house property in the

State. The road to New Hampshire runs partly by the side of the Merrimack river, rendered classical by the poems of John G Whittier, who resides on its banks: we passed within a few miles of his house, but could not stop to see him.

DOVER NEW HAMPSHIRE 3rd Mo. 2nd

Our course is still north eastward: we are about to start for Augusta in Maine, 120 miles distant, which is the extremest point to which our wanderings will extend: from thence we return to New York, after which we have five other capitals of Free states to visit, viz of Connecticut, New York, Vermont Pennsylvania and Delaware: we have also to return to Washington to visit the President and to call on the members of his cabinet. . . . With dearest love. Thine faithfully

J C.

No 17

PHILADELPHIA 3rd Month 10th 1854

MY BELOVED MARIA

Since I wrote last week we have commenced and finished a journey through New Hampshire, Vermont and Maine. The state of Maine stretches far to the North east, and has long and hard winters. Samuel Taylor had told us to expect to find cold weather and we found it: the mercury stood a few weeks ago at 28° below zero, and Samuel Boyce of Lynn told us that about that time, as he was driving Dr Tobey in an open carriage, the tears ran down the Doctor's cheeks, and formed an icicle on his nose! We entered Maine a little below the city of Portland, and posted on to Augusta, the capital. The rivers and coves of the ocean were all chain bound with ice, and except on the rail roads all travelling was performed in sledges. The hills and valleys were covered deep with frozen snow, but so beautiful was the day, so clear in sunshine, that we enjoyed every thing we saw. Woods of maple, oak, birch and pine abounded, and rose gracefully from their bosom of snow: the farm houses, well built, were the very type of prosperity, and we could but think what a delightful land it must be in the summer and autumn.

At *Augusta* we found our valued friend Jno D Lang waiting for us, who communicated to us the unwelcome news that the Governor had expected us the day before, and that finding it impossible to remain longer in the city, he had left it a few hours before and was gone to his home 40 miles distant. Our plans had been formed: we were to return to the south next day and could not follow him: so we resolved to go with J D Lang to *Vassalborough* and lodge at his house. In a few minutes a commodious and handsome sleigh came to the door of the hotel, drawn by two spirited horses with the usual paraphernalia of bells: we wrapt buffalo skins about us, and seated in the car soon bounded off over snow and ice, river and land, just as they lay before us. The river Kennebec, here about 1500 feet wide, was frozen to the depth of nearly three feet, and formed a solid winter road through the valley, over which we travelled six miles, and then emerging through its left bank, ascended a snow hill, and went six miles further amidst drifts of snow by a sledge track till we came to our delightful resting place. The moon had risen, the stars shone brilliantly: the colors of the clouds were beautifully chaste, such as I had never seen before, and all nature in its winter garb was charming. Numerous were the sleighs drawn by horses and oxen that we passed both on the river and land, making music with their bells to announce that they were near: our young team moved on merrily without a trip and we were really a happy group. Our friends in the Slave states of Tennessee and N Carolina, have but little idea of refinement, and remain contented in most places with a material existence; but how different the tastes and condition of some of the Friends of Maine! Here at Vassalboro they have good houses and great domestic comfort, and provide a good education for their children.

John Lang is a farmer and a cutter of wood for the lumber market, and what I delight to tell is a sound gospel minister: he has an excellent wife, two sons and two daughters, who all received us with a kind christian welcome. In the midst of good books, by a blazing log fire and with cheerful conversation we

spent a happy evening together, and then each of us taking his *wax taper* retired to a separate well warmed apartment to rest. At 2 o'clock the next morning Thomas Lang, the eldest son, knocked at our chamber doors and roused us for an early breakfast, and at 1/2 past three we were again seated in the family sleigh. Thomas took the reins and drove us part of the way over a frozen lake and enlivened us with stories of a woodcutter's life. When about 19 years of age he had a tendency to bronchitis and congestion of the lungs, and thinking that exercise and hardship would do him good, he persuaded his father to let him encamp a winter among the woods and wield the axe. Many times, he said, had he slept on the bare snow for his bed when the thermometer was 20° below zero, without a blanket to cover him; and this mode of living he thought good for a cold! The people of Maine live often to a great age. There is a meeting of Friends near Vassalboro', in which a short time since there were twenty two old people whose ages averaged more than *eighty*, and where one friend now lives who is 96 years old, whose grandfather lived in the days of the Pilgrim fathers! I love the State of Maine, and shall long remember with joy its good dwellings, its hills and its frozen fields. The wife of J D Lang sends her love to thee: she met thee at Newport in Rhode-island and was one of the company in 1841 that we sailed with in the steam boat to Providence after the Yearly meeting. "I was sea sick in the cabin" she said, "and thy wife sympathised with me as having gone through the same trial."

On returning through Connecticut we called on the Governor of that State Charles H Pond who thanked us for our visit and promised to use his influence to promote the extinction of slavery: he seemed, however, to be himself under the opposing influence of a democratic party spirit, and to be resolved to stand on the democratic side with the Government at Washington, which at this very moment is endeavouring to enlarge the area of slavery, thus making it increasingly a national crime.

On 7th day last we again reached the city of New York,

spent First day there and on Third day morning left for Albany. James Brown of Peekskill, who lives on the line of road conducted us to his house to lodge. Peekskill is at the beginning of the Highlands, which run out to the Catskill mountains, and commands a lovely view of the river Hudson: here also we found an interesting family of young friends and excellent accommodations. The river Hudson was frozen over, and on arriving at the station opposite to Albany we left the cars and walked across.

The Governor of New York Horatio Seymour was at the State house, and granted us an immediate audience. Seated in his arm chair, he listened to our memorial and our pleadings in support of it, and then with ease and dignity addressed us in observation and reply. He spoke for about an hour with fluency and great good sense in extenuation of his party in the course they were taking in regard to the question at issue. We had taken, he said, the high ground of moral obligation, and if the subject were to be tested by that alone, our plea was irresistible. He however, as a statesman, and the party he acted with were bound to look at expediency: to agitate the question was sure to irritate the Southern states and might lead to a disruption of the Union. He then expatiated on the advantages of union under a Federal head, and shewed us demonstratively how many blessings resulted from such a government. "Here," he said, "in the State of New York, which contains three millions of people, *we have not a single soldier*, and the Federal government has only an army of 9000 men to keep the peace, not of a single nation, but of a whole continent: you as Friends cannot but call this a blessing." He told us that the Union must be preserved although slavery should linger: he hated slavery, but he was not so disheartened about the evil as some men were, because he could see the elements of decay in the institution itself. An immense immigration of free laborers from Europe and Asia took place every year: in 25 years not less than ten millions of laborers would be added to the population of the United States, which would so reduce the wages of

labor as to render slavery unprofitable, and it must then of necessity fall. The Slave states, he said, which continued to find slave labor profitable were only six in number: the others of them raised slaves for the market, and this market must gradually diminish as a free population extended. "I am almost ashamed," he continued, "to take the lower ground of political expediency, but I wish you to see how complicated the question is, and how difficult it is for us to grapple with it." The conclusion he came to was this that it was better to let slavery die a natural death than to attempt to kill it by an agitation which must endanger the Union, and introduce perhaps greater evils than slavery itself. With all his eloquence and all his urbanity, I saw in him the politician who was willing to leave Christianity in abeyance, rather than proceed resolutely to do what is right. When we parted I told him that whilst as an individual I could agree with him in some of his views I felt bound to dissent from the deductions he had drawn. "I did wish," I told him, "that throwing his political economics aside, or only allowing them a secondary place, he would look at the subject in a purely gospel light, and judge it by that standard." "Do Governor," I said "give our Address a patient consideration": "I will do so," he replied. The name of this talented governor is Horatio Seymour. He offered us the use of his carriage to survey the city and acted the part of a true gentleman.

Josiah Forster now left Albany and returned to New York, and Wm Holmes and myself proceeded to *Vermont*. It was a grand ride through a country of lofty hills, on which the snow lingered, that we took to Bennington, where Governor *John S Robinson* resided: our visit to him I shall dismiss in a few words. Although elected to be the ruler of a free state, he proved himself in conversation to be a hard flinty democrat who would rather see Slavery continue till doomsday than break faith with his party. I could have told him, but abstained from doing so, that the democracy which justified and upholds slavery is a mockery and a lie.

Leaving Vermont we now returned to New York and came on at once to Philadelphia, where we now are. How truly kind our friends are! John M Whitall, with his christian frankness says to us "Be at home, Friends, my carriage and horses are at your service; call them when you please." I long to see you all again: we are now counting the weeks and shall soon count the days—first, Liverpool, then Dublin, then London, and then home! Rejoiced shall I be on landing in England to learn that peace is restored to Europe, but fear it will be far otherwise. I look for an awful conflict and the ultimate shaking of thrones.

2nd Month 14th

Your letters just come to hand, full of interesting matter, afford pleasure to our Philadelphia friends: how much more to myself! I am somewhat sorry that I cannot reply to all my correspondents, but my time just now is so intensely occupied that I can only write to thee. Our mornings here are devoted to Antislavery work, and the evening of each day to visiting: if we had a month to spare instead of a week, so many are the invitations we receive, we could scarcely accept them all. The Governor of Pennsylvania William Bigler another governor of the democratic party which reprobates attacks on slavery, is now in Philadelphia, and has given us a hasty interview. Charity is said to be cold; but this functionary of the state is colder still. City of brotherly love and sylvan province of William Penn, what are you come to? We have now only the governor of Delaware to call upon, and this we leave doing till we go for the last time to Washington. The Nebraska bill for extending the area of Slavery excites the North greatly; a petition against it has been signed by 3000 ministers of religion and very numerous are the public meetings to denounce it. The Senate, however, has passed it and the Administration helps it on! . . .

3rd Month 16th

The pe[ti]tion of Congress of the 3000 clergymen against the Nebraska Bill has stung the Southern members to madness. It was denounced by one of the Senators as outrageous and

wicked, because it speaks of the judgments of heaven as likely to fall on the country if such a bill pass into law. "Who gave these men authority to speak in the name of the Almighty and to denounce us for doing our duty?" These discussions and debates are doing good, as they lay bare the abomination of slavery as a national institution.²⁷ The North now considers itself insulted by the Senate and New York is about to convene an indignation meeting to support the petitioners. Thus the ball rolls on! It would please thee to see how busy we are in preparing thousands of circulars to send by post to all parts of the Union: we have taken possession of James Whittall's commodious private room for this purpose, and sit down eight of us together all hard at work; some in writing, others in cutting and affixing postage stamps. Our company consists of Mary Whittall, her daughter Mary, a daughter of Marmaduke C Cope's, Thos Kimber Jr, Wistar Evans, Edward Sharpless, Wm Holmes and myself; and Marmaduke C Cope kindly assists us over the way at his own house. To morrow afternoon we visit some friends in the city, and on 7th day go into the country with our excellent friends the Whittalls to visit their married daughter. Next week we go again to Washington. Give my dear love to all my friends. Once more Farewell.

JC.

No 18

BALTIMORE 3rd Month 24th 1854

MY BELOVED MARIA

Another kind letter from thee of the 3rd inst came to hand in due course since I dispatched my last a week ago. Since that time we have made our last journey to Washington to call on the members of the Administration, and to take leave of President Pierce. So hard hearted are his Cabinet towards

²⁷ For the introduction of the memorial from over three thousand members of the New England clergy into the United States Senate and the ensuing debate, see *Congressional Globe*, 33 Congress, 1 session, 617 ff. The introduction of the memorial into the House of Representatives was protested by William W. Boyce, of South Carolina, and it was not received by the House. *Ibid.*, 625.

the slave that the cause of emancipation seems almost a hopeless one. The President invited us to dine with him, but this we declined. We called however by permission at the White House in the evening, and had some conversation with him and his wife, and a female friend of theirs, which somewhat cheered us. During our stay at the Capital we paid a visit, rather too hurried a one, to Gerritt Smith, that true hearted abolitionist, now a member of Congress, and received a call at our hotel from Charles Sumner the distinguished senator from Massachusetts, a counterpart in mind and person to the late Sir Fowell Buxton. Elihu Burritt, who is there intent on his beneficent plan of ocean postage, also called on us. We had an introduction to that noble minded woman Dorothea L Dix, modest, intellectual and agreeable, the ardent friend to poor lunatics, whose services in the cause of philanthropy place her by the side of Elizabeth Fry. The Congress has assigned her an *alcove* in the library where she can readily communicate with its members, who listen to her recommendations, and assist her plans; her wisdom, like all true wisdom, has a practical bearing: she has directed the building at Trenton in New Jersey of what is said to be the best Lunatic asylum in the world. . . .

3rd Month 25th

On taking the car from Baltimore this morning, who should I meet on the platform but John Wright the merchant of Rio Janeiro, with whom and his family we spent some days at the boarding house at Tejucca? He had heard of my being at Baltimore, in which city he now resides, and came to press me to spend a few days with him: he made particular inquiry about thee, and said how glad he and his wife and children would be to have thee with them here. He said, and this was much for a slave owner to say "Your visit to Brazil has done much good." We arrived at Wilmington Delaware at 2 oclock, dined at John Tatum's, and spent the evening with Samuel and Margaret Hillis, who with their daughter Gulielma Howland laid it as a charge upon me to communicate from them a message of dear love to thee.

PHILADELPHIA 3rd Mo. 26th

Once again in the "Quaker city," but only as passing through it. Thomas Kimber takes us all this afternoon to West town—26 miles, to spend to-morrow (First day) at the Friends' boarding school. A not unfriendly paragraph in the "Public ledger" this morning announces our journey to Washington and our interview with the Heads of departments, but concludes with recommending to our attention and care the destitute poor of England, who are not so well fed and looked after as the pampered slaves of the South! A note also from Charles Sumner dated "Senate House March 23rd" in which he says "Your visit to my country inspires my reverence. It was a beautiful conception and it has been conducted in a spirit equally beautiful. Among the grateful hearts which you leave behind, I hope you will not forget your sincere friend Charles Sumner." I think thou wilt find in Whittier's poems an address to him as one of the warm-hearted friends of freedom. This day three weeks, all being well, we shall leave New York. I think much of our sister at Nismes, and shall be glad to hear of her improvement in health. I do hope that her broken foot is restored and that all pain is gone: send my dear love to her.

WEST TOWN 3rd Mo. 27th

This place is situated in a good farming district amidst well cultivated hills, and pleases me much. Hannah Snowden the matron of the establishment is an admirable woman and receives us very cordially. The school contains 240 children, and a fine company they are. We attended both their meetings for worship yesterday held on the premises, instead of going to Westchester four miles off: in the evening we took tea at John Bennington's at the farm. JB. whose connexions reside at Wakefield, informs me that our nephew JWC is to be married to Eliza Spence in a few weeks. What should prevent our attending the marriage? I intend writing once more before quitting this country, but it is a great comfort to me to think that in about a month I shall meet thee at Liverpool. The remainder of this week is to be given to the completion of our Anti-slavery work, and to a little

social visiting among our friends in Philadelphia: part of the next week will be devoted to Burlington, and the remainder of our time in this land to New York, Flushing on Long island, and the banks of the river Hudson. Near Newburgh, on the Hudson, I hope to spend a day or two with our kind and venerable friend Nathaniel Sands, where we rested on our way to Niagara in 1841. Rebecca White has placed in my hands, packed in a tin case, a tree of humming birds, two of which are native American: these are a present for thee, and may grace our mantel piece. Our friends in Philadelphia, both old and new, and our friends everywhere in this distant land, shew us much love: we could spend many weeks among them paying social visits if we had the time to do so. J M Whitall and his family overflow with kindness, and seem as if they would do any thing for us. J M Whitall, poor dear man, is now ill of an intermittent fever, but is getting better. I have rarely seen a man so frank and generous and kind, so altogether christianlike, and his wife is like the one spoken of by Solomon, "her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." When at Burlington next week I shall spend a day or two at West-hill, the seat of E P Gurney; Hannah Paul, her aunt, is deceased and was buried yesterday. This letter has been written by snatches, as I could find time, and may be taken as the conclusion of my travelling notes and narrative. What follows in due course must be delivered *viva voce*. With love to every body, but above all to thee I remain, as ever, faithfully Thine &c

JC.

ITINERARY

| 1853 | ROUTES IN AMERICA | BOAT | RAIL- ROAD | STAGE COACH |
|--------|---|------|---------------|----------------|
| 9 Mo | 14 Arrived at Halifax Nova Scotia | | | |
| | 15 and thence by same Steamer to Boston | 2980 | | |
| | 17 Boston to New York | | 240 | |
| | 20 To Burlington New Jersey | | 80 | |
| | 23 Philadelphia | | 16 | |
| | 27 Baltimore | | 99 | |
| | 28 Washington President Pierce | | 40 | |
| 10 | 3 Richmond Virginia | | 131 | |
| | Return to Baltimore | | 171 | |
| | 6 Cumberland Maryland | | 178 | |
| | 7 Bridgeport Gov Johnson Virginia | | 117 | |
| | 8 Wheeling and Mount Pleasant in Ohio | | 130 | |
| | 11 Zanesville Ohio | | | 85 |
| | 12 Columbus the capital of Ohio | | | 59 |
| | 14 Lancanster to Gov Medill & back to Columbus | | | 58 |
| | 16 Cincinnati | | 118 | |
| | 17 Lexington Kentucky | | | 85 |
| | | | 2980 | 1320 |
| | | | 287 | |
| 10 Mo. | 18 To Frankfort Governor Powell Kentucky | | | 28 |
| | 19 Cincinnati Ohio | | | 113 |
| | 21 Richmond Indiana | | 60 | |
| | 25 Indianapolis Gov Wright Do. | | 68 | |
| | 28 Terre haute Do. | | 73 | |
| | 29 Bloomfield settlement of Friends & back | | | 66 |
| 11 | 2 Terre haute to Springfield Illinois | | | 156 |
| | 4 Joliet Gov Matteson Do. | | 180 | |
| | 5 Chicago Do. | | 40 | |
| | 8 Madison Wisconsin | | 70 | 86 |
| | 11 Tour round the Lake Gov Farwell Do. | | | 15 |
| | 13 Madison Return to Chicago Illinois | | 70 | 86 |
| | 14 St Louis Missouri | 18 | 274 | |

| | | | RAIL- ROAD | STAGE COACH |
|--------|-------------------|--|---------------|----------------|
| 1853 | ROUTES IN AMERICA | | BOAT | |
| | 23 | Jefferson City | | |
| | | Gov Price | Do. | 36 100 |
| | | back to St Louis | Do. | 36 100 |
| | 29 | On the Mississippi to Vicksburg | 802 | |
| 12 Mo. | 6 | Do. Gov Hebert to Baton rouge Louisiana | 260 | |
| | | | <hr/> | |
| | | | 1080 | 2227 1037 |
| 12 Mo. | 7 | On the Mississippi back to Vicksburg | 260 | |
| | 11 | To Jackson Gov Foote Mississippi | | 60 |
| | 12 | Montgomery Gov Collier Alabama | | 265 |
| | 18 | Milledgeville Gov Johnson Georgia | | 317 |
| | 22 | Columbia Gov Manning S Carolina | | 143 |
| | 24 | Atlanta Georgia | | 305 |
| | 26 | Chattanooga Tennessee | | 144 |
| | | Bridgeport Alabama on the Tennessee river | 55 | |
| | | Nashville Gov Johnson Tennessee | | 125 |
| | 29 | Return to Chattanooga Do. | | 154 |
| | 30 | Lowden & thence to Low's Ferry on the Houlston | | 156 |
| 1854 | | At Lows Ferry Wm Forster fell sick and died Journeys in and out to Friendsville & Knoxville | | 60 |
| 2 Mo. | 1 | Lows Ferry to Columbia South Carolina | | 468 |
| | 3 | Charlotte North Carolina & back to Columbia | | 214 |
| | | Wilmington North Carolina | | 195 |
| | 6 | Weldon Do. | | 162 |
| | | | <hr/> | |
| | | | 1395 | 4670 1362 |
| 2 Mo. | 7 | Weldon To Raleigh Gov Reid N Carolina By Richmond Virginia to Washington | | 100 301 |

| 1854 | ROUTES IN AMERICA | BOAT | RAIL-ROAD | STAGE COACH |
|-----------|---------------------------------------|------|-----------|-------------|
| | Baltimore Gov [Lygon] and Annapolis | | 120 | |
| | Burlington New Jersey | | 115 | |
| | New Bedford & Boston Massachusetts | | 400 | |
| | Gov Price Trenton NJ | | | |
| | Gov [Dimond] Providence R I | | | |
| | Gov [Washburn] Boston Mass | | | |
| | Boston to Augusta Maine | | 165 | |
| | New York by Connecticut | | 355 | |
| | Gov Pond Do. | | | |
| | Gov Seymour New York | | | |
| | By Albany Gov Robinson to Vermont | | 250 | |
| | New York | | 250 | |
| | Philadelphia Gov Bigler | | 92 | |
| | Journies in and out from Philadelphia | 30 | 71 | 111 |
| | Washington & back to New York | | 374 | |
| | | 1425 | 7266 | 1376 |
| 3rd Month | New York to Newburgh & back | 120 | | |
| | Journies in and out of New York | 30 | | 20 |
| | | 1575 | 7266 | 1396 |

RECAPITULATION

| | |
|--|--------|
| Voyage from England to America | 2980 |
| Travels in America by Steam boat | 1575 |
| Do do Railway | 7266 |
| Do by Diligence and private conveyance | 1396 |
| Voyage from America to England | 2980 |
| | <hr/> |
| | 16,197 |

Total Miles traversed
At sea 5960 By land 10,237

First visit to America 1841 Second do 1850
Third visit 1853-1854. Total of miles travelled in that land 16,000 States visited 26 out of 31

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